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THE CITY

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

IT was unbearably hot, with no breeze stirring. I sat at my garret window, fanning myself with an old newspaper, and cursing the fate which kept me where I was. I thought bitterly of the cool and purple mountains, with the red-roofed houses nestling beside flashing cascades. The trees swayed gently in the soft wind and seemed to summon me.

Then my mind roved away to stately buildings, buried amid foliage less wild but more beautiful than before. People, quiet, and orderly and clean, were entering a place like a temple, and presently the sound of music reached me, such music as I had not heard for years.

I passed on reluctantly. Suddenly scenes lay before me that for a moment struck me dumb with horror. Smoking ruins and the bodies of young men lay everywhere. Like the discord of divine music rose the ceaseless wailing of women. Thick, sulphurous clouds brooded over the desolation. But the horror passed. The blood and the destruction suddenly seemed terribly beautiful; for in it all I saw a mighty sacrifice to the ideal God. Noble buildings would rise again, and the soft green grass would cover the graves tenderly. But the glory of the sacrifice would rise forever.

I sighed heavily. About me there were no mountains, no noble buildings, no worship in the temples of art, no offering up of life and treasure to the ideal. Instead, the jangling crash of street-cars smote my ears, the rumble of trucks on the cobble-stones, the raucous cries of the people. Decrepit buildings, blatant advertisements, hid the pure blue of the sky, and a fetid steam of self-seeking seemed to rise like the hot miasma from

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the pavements. I dwelt in a place of ugliness, spiritual and physical. I could not leave it. I was a part of it. I cursed again, weakly, because it was very hot.

Suddenly I became conscious that I was not alone. I looked up quickly. A stranger had entered my room.

"Well," I said harshly, "what do you want?"

"You sent for me," said the stranger pleasantly. There was something about his face, particularly his eyes, which interested me, and the gesture of dismissal was checked.

"I sent for you?" I repeated, puzzled.

"Yes," he said. "You wanted to see the city. I will show it to you, if you like."

There was something oddly compelling in the stranger's demeanor, and scarcely master of myself, I followed him out and down the steep, broken, odorous stairs of my tenement, to the street.

We walked for a little while in silence. Watching my guide, I paid no heed to the streets we traversed. Suddenly he raised his hand. I became conscious that we were in a great open space.

"This," he said in a voice which thrilled me unaccountably, "is the place of the builders. Here the food and the raiment, the sin and the glory of nations come in and go out. This is where the life blood of the world circulates. It is quite marvellous, is it not?"

"Yes," I said truthfully, "it is quite marvellous."

What I saw was not new. I had seen it many times before. But then I had seen only endless lines of dirty freight cars, and a vast dreary expanse of bare land, its edges dim in the smoke which never left it. Never before had I thought of what was in those freight cars, or where they were going, or from where they had come.

"It is the heart of life," said the stranger. "It is a live thing. You thought it ugly because you thought it dead. Let us pass on."

It seemed only a moment before an odor which was strange and yet curiously familiar assailed me, and I sickened. The stranger noted my reluctance, and he smiled.

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"This is death you smell," he said softly, "and again, it is life."

We passed into a great building from which sounds came like the screams of the dying and the groans of the wounded. On a long runway, lines of sheep, live, protesting creatures, seemingly conscious of what would meet them at the end, were moving slowly upward. On a trolley, myriads of hogs sped toward a figure which had been white but now was red, wielding a knife as keen as the shears of the fates. From great gates, announced by the sickening blows of a mallet, mighty steers, once kings of the range, tumbled out, in a few moments to be reduced almost to the dust from which they sprang. Over the scene hung the pungent odor of blood. It was ghastly. I made as if to leave.

"Here the fires are fed," said the stranger. "Here begins the chain which ends in noble buildings and great music. Here, in death, begins life. This is the place of rebirth. In blood and pain the hogs and the sheep and the cattle are slaughtered that the Beethovens of the world may live. It is a place of miracles."

I felt oddly shamed. The great creature in the red which had once been white, with the gleaming knife which slit the throats of hogs, served the world of man more than I, with my empty pratings of beauty. Even I lived by his labors. I followed my guide humbly.

He led the way into a narrow, dingy building, and up several flights of stairs. It seemed to have become much hotter, and the air was stagnant. A moment later I stood in a long, low-ceilinged room, hotter, more fetid, even, than the stairs. All about me, crowded one against the other, were sewing machines. At each one was a pallid, flat-breasted female, bodice thrown open, the sweat pouring down her hollow cheeks. Above the protesting clatter of the machines came the raucous voice of the foreman, urging speed, and yet more speed, from the misshapen creatures under him.

"Surely this," I said, "is ugliness? There are no miracles here?"

"Yes," said the stranger sadly, "this is ugliness, as what

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we have seen was not ugliness. But . . ." He picked up a garment from one of the machines, "look at this. It is unfinished. It is ugly. Perhaps, when it is all complete, it will be ugly still. But there will be other garments made after this one. Look yonder."

I followed his outstretched finger. In a room beyond, a man, in his shirt-sleeves, was bent over a table.

"There works a designer. To-morrow—the next day—he will bring forth a better garment than this. And out beyond—" The stranger's arm seemed to sweep a distant horizon "—labor designers who will bring forth more than garments. Some day what you see here will pass away. It is passing now. Nowhere will it pass more quickly than here. But the designers of the new day need such as you to seek them out and make their work known to the world. You yearn for beauty, and so do they. But I tell you, their beauty will be incomparably greater than yours."

He paused and turned abruptly from me. I felt rebuked, and followed him with my head down. What he had said I knew suddenly to be true. My beauty had been as sordid and material as the tracks and the slaughterhouses, appealing to the eye as they appealed to the pocket-book. The beauty of which the stranger spoke would be the beauty of the spirit, the beauty of that peace which passeth all understanding.

In a few moments we were in a neighborhood of mean streets and meaner dwellings. Strange odors and stranger tongues assailed my ears. I could not read the signs on the shops and the passers-by were very foreign. But I heard the sound of familiar music, and presently down the street marched a little band of boys, garbed in khaki, with knee pants, and carrying at the front the flag I called my own.

"Among them are Czechs and Poles and Slovaks and Lithuanians, and boys whose blood goes back to far countries you know not of," said the stranger. "They dwell in these mean streets, and their fathers and mothers are your slaves. Let us follow them."

The boys in khaki entered a crude old building of time-stained brick, and we entered with them. There were many

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more boys inside, and girls too, and in the balconies above were the fathers and mothers who were my slaves.

"The father of the boy who is carrying the flag is the man you saw slitting the throats of hogs," said the stranger.

Presently music of familiar strain caught my ear. I realized that everyone about me was singing, the boys and the girls, even the fathers and the mothers. I alone was silent. I did not know the words.

"You knew them once," said the stranger, reading my thought. "You forgot them because they had no meaning. But they are very real to these people. They have given much that they might sing them. This is America. Here the people look neither to the right nor to the left, nor behind, but to the front. To-morrow is their day. They have found a happiness and a hope in the hot streets and the clamorous strife of the city that they never knew in the purple mountains and the flashing streams from which they came."

My guide turned, and again I followed him, rebuked. As we walked, the mean streets gave way to better, and in a little while we were on that broad thoroughfare which skirts the Lake. It was quieter there, and much cleaner, but it did not make my heart leap as it had leaped in the hot filth of the slum.

"Look up," said the stranger sharply. "You have walked this street with your eyes on the ground. Look up. There is noble building above you, honest, beautiful building. These homes of commerce are temples neither of art nor of religion. They serve otherwise. But they serve. There is no greater merit. It is for you to look humbly."

As he spoke he was leading me into a different kind of structure, which was filled with pictures and sculpture. It was very familiar to me, and I turned to ascend the broad staircase. But my guide checked me.

"Not there this time. You know that too well. The beauty there is the kind you know. I have something else to show you. Come."

Obediently I followed him to a room I had never seen before, a place filled with shabby coats and hats and umbrellas. We paused there for a moment, the stranger with an inscrutable

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smile on his face. Then he led the way to the terrace. A group of students were working busily there, each with his easel before him.

"That lad with the brown cap," said the stranger, "is the son of the woman you saw making garments. He earns his bread at night, that he may have a few hours of daylight for this. He is putting aside all else that he may pursue beauty. And what beauty does he find? Look at the picture he is painting."

I looked over the lad's shoulder. It was a picture of a puff of smoke from a locomotive.

"You see," continued the stranger with a smile. "I showed you the *meaning* in the freight yards. This young man could show you the *beauty,* too. They are not very different. Upstairs, in the rooms you know so well, he sees how men of other times saw beauty, and how they expressed what they saw. But he expresses his own time and place. He is an artist, because he interprets what seems to dullards like you, mere ugliness. And there are many more like him in this place," he finished dreamily.

Dusk had fallen as he was speaking, and as he led the way to the street, lights were beginning to twinkle in the great buildings, and the automobiles flying by flashed like fireflies on a summer evening.

"One thing more will I show you," said the stranger, "and then I am done for the day."

We walked in silence for a moment, with the darkness slowly deepening. Suddenly he stopped. We were on a bridge over the river.

"Now look," he said. "Is this not beauty?"

In the twilight the smoke clouds rolled in opalescent splendor. The reflections of the lights sparkled red and green and yellow in the slow-moving waters underneath. Against the purpling skies the edges of the warehouses stood out like battlements, gilded for an instant by the last rays of the setting sun. To the west, behind the black outline of the city, the end of the day reposed a moment in orange, in scarlet, in magenta, in violet, and then slipped off into memory in an indigo mysteriousness.

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The waters of the river were a velvet black now, and the lights glowed more vividly. The gaunt masts of the shipping rose starkly, like the spears of knights, and the stars twinkled in a haze of no longer visible smoke. As darkness fell, blotting out the harsh ugliness of the day, a sense of peace seemed to fall with it. The roar of industry was stilled, and quiet brooded over the haunts of man.

"I shall leave you now," said the stranger quietly.

"Ah, but wait!" I cried. "Before you go, tell me the key with which you have unlocked these things to me. Give it to me, that I may see them for myself."

The stranger smiled. "The key is yours when you wish it. It was with you when I came into your garret this afternoon."

"I do not know its name," I pleaded. "Tell me that, so I may find it again."

"Its name is Imagination," said the stranger softly.

"And yours?" I cried.

He smiled gently. "The ancient Greeks called me Poetry, but in these days there are many impostors who use my name," he whispered. The sound of a bell, near at hand, caught my ear, and I turned momentarily. When I looked back the stranger was gone.

For a long time I stood on the bridge watching the lights, red and green and yellow. They sparkled as if alive.

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THE IDEALISM OF WAR

JAMES BISSETT PRATT

"AS human life is now constituted," writes General von Bernhardi, "it is political idealism which calls for war, while materialism—in theory at least—repudiates it. . . . All petty and private interests shrink into insignificance before the grave decision which a war involves. The common danger unites all in a common effort, and the man who shirks this duty to the community is deservedly spurned. . . . The brutal incidents inseparable from every war vanish completely before the idealism of the main result. . . . Strength, truth, and honor come to the front and are put into play."

In the same passage Bernhardi quotes from Frederick the Great as follows: "War opens the most fruitful field to all virtues, for at every moment constancy, pity, magnanimity, heroism, and mercy shine forth in it." And from Treitschke: "War is elevating because the individual disappears before the great conception of the State. The devotion of the members of a community to each other is nowhere so splendidly conspicuous as in war. . . . What a perversion of morality to wish to abolish heroism among men!"

Nor is this idealizing of war confined to German writers. The English historian, Professor Cramb, finds in war not only an idealistic but a mystical element. "Let me remind you," he writes, "that in human life as a whole there are always elements and forces, there are always motives and ideals, which defy the analysis of reason—mysterious and dark forces. Man shall not live by bread alone! And in war this element constantly tends to assert itself. It assumes forms that sometimes are dazzling in their beauty: sometimes are wrapt up in a kind of transcendental wonder. . . . But all alike have this quality of defying reason. . . . In war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comforts; in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal. In all life at its height, in thought,

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art, and action, there is a tendency to become transcendental; and if we examine the wars of England or of Germany in the past we find governing these wars throughout this higher power of heroism, or of something, at least, which transcends reason."

After analyzing the past wars of England, Professor Cramb becomes more definite as to what this transcendental element is. "For what have these wars been fought?" he asks: "Can one detect underneath them any governing idea controlling them from first to last? I answer at once. There is such an idea and that is the idea of Empire. . . . And if we turn from England to Germany, we find the same element which transcends reason governing the wars of Germany."

In all these sentiments many Americans join, and with General Homer Lea of our army they sing enthusiastically the glory of war and point out in no sparing language the shameful condition of a non-militant people. A nation of shop-keepers (like England and still more America) can have no really lofty ideals. And in a passage which is evidently meant to apply to the United States, General Lea says: "When a country makes industrialism the end it becomes a glutton among nations, vulgar, swinish, arrogant. . . . Commercialism [which seems to be synonymous with anti-militarism] is only a protoplasmic gourmandizing and retching that vanishes utterly when the element that sustains it is no more." And Bernhardi speaks for all the members of his school, of whatever land, when he says: "All petty and personal interests force their way to the front during a long period of peace. Selfishness and intrigue run riot, and luxury obliterates ideals. Money acquires an excessive and unjustifiable power, and character does not obtain due respect."

One might continue quotations of this sort indefinitely. As Norman Angell has pointed out, the opponents of pacifism have notably shifted their emphasis in recent years: no longer content with calling the pacifists "idealists," they insist that idealism, truly seen, is on the side of war, and that compared with what war has to offer the ideals and accomplishments of peace are, on the whole, decidedly materialistic. Perpetual peace is not only a dream; it is not even a beautiful dream.

Assertions of this sort deserve an unprejudiced hearing and

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a close scrutiny from everyone who is interested in the great question of peace and war. And in the first place it is plain that in every war in which a people defends its homes and its ideals from an unprovoked attack, there is a splendid idealism which has always thrilled and ought always to inspire the hearts of men. The idealism of such wars, however, is to be found in the sacrifice of safety and life in defence of certain very great and very definite human values which are realized to the full only in peace. Such wars are for the sake of peace and their lofty idealism is based ultimately on the values of peace. This kind of idealism is extolled by most pacifists quite as enthusiastically as by their opponents. The idealism of war for which the anti-pacifists stand is of a quite different sort,—as, in fact, the quotations at the beginning of this essay abundantly show. It arises not from the values of peace, but directly from the nature of war and from effects which only war can produce, and in comparison with which the ideals of peace are considered selfish, sordid, degenerate. It is of no little importance for an understanding of what is perhaps the greatest problem of humanity to-day, that we should analyze this view, and see as clearly as we may what are the real ideals of peace and the real ideals of war as such.

The ideals of peace are many, though there is room here to enumerate only a few. In part they are decidedly "materialistic," in the sense that they have to do with material things, and many of them are "pecuniary," since financial considerations in modern life are so important a factor in most efforts at improvement. They include such aims as better economic conditions and better hygienic conditions for all classes and especially for the poor; better homes to live in, more nourishing food, the upbuilding of a physically sturdier race; the abolition of poverty, the abolition of disease, the abolition of all unnecessary suffering (there will always be suffering enough necessarily so long as the human body remains the human body); the development of better political and social conditions, of liberty, equality, and fraternity; the spread of education, both literary, scientific, political, and practical; the education not only of individuals but of races, till every people shall be self-governing and every

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individual self-controlled, rational, aspiring; the development of the moral life; the suppression of crime, not chiefly by violent means but by eradicating its causes, by doing away with the economic and social conditions that produce it, and by disseminating among men a more sensitive conscience and a more rational understanding of the fact that the interests of the individual are bound up with the interests of society; the elevation of man's ideals and aspirations, and the spread of universal good will and of the recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. These are some of the ideals of peace. It may be said, if you like, that these ideals are visionary; it can hardly be maintained that they are sordid.

Let us now analyze as exactly as we can the ideals of war. The upholders of the glory of war, as I understand them, have two sets of ideals,—first the State as the supreme ideal, and second the various human virtues that spring from war or the pursuit of arms. We shall take up each in turn and in some detail. And first of all what is this ideal of the State?—In man's earliest days the State (or what corresponded to it) meant the social group and its interests as opposed to the selfish interests of the individual. Devotion to it was his chief duty and out of it sprang most of his virtues. From this point of view we might almost say that patriotism is the parent of the virtues. And patriotism, in one sense of the word at least, has retained down to the present time much of the same significance. It means, for one thing, loyalty to a large social group as opposed to selfishness, and loyalty to certain great ideals of peace which one nation has as a nation adopted and made part of its tradition. So far as this is what is meant by the State as an ideal, the lovers of war have no monopoly in their admiration for it. And this very ideal, if held consistently and followed faithfully, inevitably leads us out beyond itself and forces us to hail as brothers all those who under other flags are living for the same great objects. This at any rate is what the pacifist means by the State, and loyalty to it is what he means by patriotism; and the only war that these ideals lead to or come from is the war

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of reason against unreason, whether carried on by arms or arguments.

So the war advocate will insist that he means something more by the State as an ideal than the pacifist does. And I think this is true. He means that the State is somehow an ideal apart from the ideals and traditions for which it stands. Just what is this? Is it the interests of the people which make up the State? Obviously not, for their interests are the ideals of peace—the "materialistic" interests which we have already examined and at which your true and warlike patriot scoffs. No, this ideal of the State is something "above religion, above industry, above social comfort," something different from progress, education, liberty, benevolence, and Christian charity. The ideal, as Professor Cramb so well says, has "a quality of defying reason" and "a tendency to become transcendental." Is the ideal of the State then, perhaps, to be identified with the Government? Again obviously, no. The Government may be a pacifist Government, in which case no denunciations of it are deep or loud enough to suit the good patriot—*vide* the attitude of our patriots toward the Wilson-Bryan Administration. No, the State to which we should be loyal is neither the Government, the people, their interests, nor their ideals. It is something else—something "transcendental"—a "something-I-know-not-what." It is the "flag," the Republic with the large R. It is "Rule Britannia." It is "*Deutschland über alles.*" It is "our country right or wrong." It is the "idea of Empire" as such, which, though nearly always vain, we find governing most of the wars of the past by its "transcendental element." It is, in short, an ideal which utterly "defies the analysis of reason," an ideal absolutely without content or meaning; a pseudo-ideal, a spurious ideal, a great roaring humbug, a kind of "wind-egg," as Socrates would have called it, a swindling jingo investment, a bogus mine, that has led us to this almost hopeless Bedlam.

But the upholder of war, as I have said, means to include under the "idealism of war" not only the State as an Ideal, but also the various human virtues, of individual and society, which war produces. The martial idealists paint for us a picture of materialistic England before the war,—everyone after the

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main chance, all the shop-keepers covetous and hustling, no one caring for anything but self, courage and the manly virtues altogether hidden by commercial greed, the nation rent into fragments by political quarrels. Then war is declared and a scene of transformation follows. Commercialism and selfishness vanish, military ardor and devotion take their place, charitable organizations are formed, hospitals furnished, quarrels are patched up or forgotten, and England presents a united front to the foe. And the same magical transformation takes place in France, Germany, Austria, Russia,—not to mention little Belgium—at the first flare of the trumpets.

There is no doubt that the scene is a very stirring one and that the outbreak of this war—as of almost every war—brought to the surface many of the finest qualities of human nature. The pacifist would not deny them. But he would analyze them. And he will find, I think, that the virtues which war is said to create or restore may be classed under three general heads, namely (1) the "manly virtues" (2) self-sacrifice and helpfulness, and (3) national unity.

No one, so far as I know, has ever denied that the manly qualities—courage, endurance, and their like—are genuine and noble virtues. The pacifist certainly will not deny it. In fact, so enthusiastic is he in his admiration for them that he will not go behind his opponent in their praise, but rather claims them as part of the ideals of peace. He admits also that war brings forth these qualities. But he will not for a moment admit that war alone brings them forth. There never has been a time that did not demand these virtues, nor will the time ever come when human beings will not be called upon, in the midst of the profoundest political peace, to endure suffering, to be brave amid dangers, to be loyal to great causes, to take risk of loss against desperate odds for the sake of ideals. Old age, sickness, and death, the pains of childbirth and the drudgery of labor, are here to stay. The fight with the dead inertia of the planet, with the increasing niggardliness of nature—a fight in which the race is doomed to ultimate defeat and death—will give future generations ample opportunity for all the courage and heroism and self-sacrifice they can muster. The ring of our encircling ene-

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mies, ever tightening around us, does not need to be reinforced by defection in our ranks or strengthened by discord in our garrison.

It is absurd to say that the manly virtues will perish without war and that we cannot be brave or loyal unless we give part of our time to killing each other. Until August last year, few members of any of the great nations of the earth had ever been in a battle. Most of the present generation were born and have grown up in times of peace. Are they therefore cowards and traitors?—Every day's newspaper gives the lie to such a view. Nor did we have to wait for the war to test this fact. In all conscience there is test enough in times of peace. Or does anyone seriously question whether an American can be brave?

The pacifist and the warrior agree in praising courage, endurance, and the rest. But the pacifist goes on to point out that the only kind of courage and endurance which is really admirable is the kind which is displayed for the sake of something else. And this something else must be ultimately included under the very general term *human value*—the sort of thing, in short, that peace best nourishes. The warlike virtues, therefore, are valuable only because and when they lead to the ideals of peace. So far as they are admirable they are dependent upon the peaceful ideals. And if those ideals can be realized without the danger and suffering that call out courage and endurance, the latter, being gratuitous, are not only "transcendental" but silly. Unless you admit that the ideals and values of peace are primary and that the warlike virtues are only for their sake; unless (in other words) you admit that war is justifiable and desirable only when it is the sole means of securing the values of peace, you make suffering and danger valuable in themselves, and frankly adopt the extremest form of the philosophy of asceticism. Simon Stylites on his pillar, the Indian ascetic on his bed of spikes, and the soldier dying of his wounds become, in that case, equally admirable—and equally absurd. No, they do not; for the Christian monk and the Indian ascetic are torturing their bodies for the good of their souls; the soldier who loves war because of the manly virtues aside from the good they can do, and who dies merely because war is glorious, is dying for no better reason

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than the love of suffering and endurance in themselves. Professor Cramb paints a most touching picture of Captain Scott freezing to death at the South Pole—dying for "the greatness of England—my nation!" and the Professor continues:

"Here surely we have a kind of heroism which would daunt the courage of any pacifist, of any *doctrinaire,* to explain by the profit and loss theory, or to analyze by the ordinary processes of reason at all. Now I suggest to you that one explanation of this extraordinary paradox in human history—the persistence of war in spite of what seems its unreason—is that there is something in war, after all, that is analogous to this heroism there in the Antarctic zone, something that transcends reason: that in war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comforts; that in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal."

At the risk of being a *doctrinaire,* I venture to suggest that only by reference to perfectly real human values—that is by a recurrence to what may be stigmatized as the "profit and loss theory," if anyone wishes so to name it—can Captain Scott's sacrifice be shown to have been really noble. It was, let us hope, more than a "stunt." I have too much respect for that gallant Englishman to suppose that his only aim in starting for the Pole was to be the first man there: if that was his sole purpose and inspiration, then his sacrifice is at best on a par with that of the half-back who is killed in the football scrimmage and gives his life "for God, for country, and for Yale." No, Captain Scott went to the Antarctic not merely to take the chance of freezing to death for England's sake, but to increase the knowledge of the race and thus add to the intellectual values of humanity. "All men by nature desire knowledge," as Aristotle pointed out long ago in that "immortal sentence." Mankind wanted to know and ought to know the nature of their planet, and Captain Scott was willing to risk his life to satisfy that inherent human demand: and let us add, the dangers in the way quite rightly added a zest to the undertaking. But if the dangers only had been present without the values, Scott's name

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would not be remembered as it is. A man must die *for something* if he is to be a hero or a martyr. Abstracted from these real values, Captain Scott's sacrifice loses all its lustre. If Professor Cramb would have a case of pure transcendental idealism unmixed with any profit and loss theory—something that quite "defies the analysis of reason"—let him picture his hero, not going to the Pole, but staying at home, and, some good frosty January night, camping out in his backyard clad in his pajamas, and there bravely freezing to death "for the greatness of England—my nation!"—And the soldier who is not fighting for anything in particular, but merely for the "greatness of England—my nation!"—not for its welfare or progress or ideals but just for its abstract "greatness" and for the excitement of killing other men and devastating their lands—how much more worthy is he of our admiration than is the figure in the backyard freezing to death for glory?

But does anyone really mean this "manly virtue" argument seriously? How many of those who love war because it produces the manly virtues would preach that war ought to be made for its own sake—that America, for instance, ought to attack Great Britain in order to renew the fast oozing courage of her young men? How many would seriously urge that thousands of our citizens should give their life-blood, in order that an addition might be made to the red corpuscles in the veins of the survivors? It is an interesting fact that of all the Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans who, these many years, have been preaching the value of war for its own sake, not one since the present war began has been willing to admit that it was *his* country that was responsible for it. Why do not the Bernhardis or the Blatchfords come out triumphantly and say, "Thank God it was my country that conferred the mighty blessing of this war upon mankind"?

But there are other qualities beside courage and endurance which war arouses; and of them I need say little. The less said of them, in fact, the better. They are plain enough. And I do not mean here physical and economic evils, or the breaking hearts and empty homes and brimming graveyards: but the moral evils of this and every war. It has been said, Scratch the

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Russian and you'll find the Tartar; it might almost as truly be said, Scratch the soldier and you'll find the savage. Atrocities are a part of war. War is hell; and when the soldier gets well into it, it is five to one he will be for a time a devil. Consider the picture: Murder, pillage, unimaginable cruelty, lust; a Christian Government which calls daily upon Jehovah for assistance announcing officially that for every village burned by its enemy, it will burn three; directing its submarines to sink mercantile and passenger ships without warning and drown all the crew and passengers, men, women, and children; and issuing orders to its generals to attack their foes not only with shot and shell but with poisonous gases. This, I suppose, is the "courage" which war produces. Look at Belgium and Serbia and Poland and North-East Prussia, and think of the glories of war. Villages burned out of mere delight in destruction; men and women and children burned to death in their homes; and thousands of French and Belgian girls and women this very day carrying in their innocent bodies unborn children whom they loathe and perhaps will some day strangle because the fathers of those children were brutes who wore a soldier's uniform.

That war normally and inevitably produces things like these cannot be denied and is not denied. But, we are told, to counterbalance these cruel deeds, war also brings to blossom some of the sweetest flowers of human benevolence and self-sacrifice. And beyond question it is true that war—and especially a war like the present one—turns the interests of thousands of people from their ordinary pursuits to the alleviation of suffering and to general helpfulness even to the extent of considerable sacrifice. But it must be remembered that this does not necessarily imply, as in militant literature it is usually made to imply, that the occupations of peace consist of "mere money-getting." Nine-tenths of the occupations of peace can be described only by the general term *mutual helpfulness*. The grocer, the baker, the banker, the physician, the day laborer, the typist, the school teacher, the cook, the scrub woman and most of the rest of us are busy during all the working hours of the day in helping each other to live and to live happily, in making the world a better or at least a more endurable place to live in. Each of us indeed gets paid

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for it—i. e., each gets some of the advantages that come from the service of the others. And ought we not to be paid? Does the anti-pacifist object? Nor is it true (as he will probably reply) that the spirit with which each of us serves the others is one of selfish gain only. Such an assertion is an altogether unpardonable libel on human nature, and proves nothing except that the speaker is so blinded by prejudice or by cynicism that he cannot recognize good will when it stares him in the face.

What, then, is the difference that war brings? The differences are chiefly two. Service is performed with increased gusto, and the kinds of service performed are in large part changed. Many of the day laborers lose their jobs. Part of them get new positions in armament and ammunition factories, and the rest march off, together with the banker and the grocer and the school teacher and the student, to kill men whom they have never seen and with whom personally they have no quarrel, or to be killed by them. And the typist and her friends study to be trained nurses, or make bandages or do something else for the mangled bodies of the grocer and the baker and the school teacher when they are shipped home. There is undoubtedly an increase of self-sacrifice and of kind helpfulness in war time, but this is true in any time of calamity. It is a fine trait in human nature that when hospitals are needed hospitals are promptly built and supplied; but is there therefore anything glorious about the thing that fills those hospitals with agonizing human flesh? War brings out human kindness: so does the earthquake and the pestilence. Has anyone ever praised the famine because it gave an opportunity for devotion? Has anyone sung the glories of the bubonic plague or cholera or leprosy? War is considered romantic and glorious; the pestilence is merely loathsome. But strip off the uniform and the gilt trappings, and war and leprosy are very much alike. In fact, as Dr. Fried of Vienna has abundantly shown, cholera has all the advantages of war as a civilizer and moralizer, and does its business much more thoroughly. Little can be said in praise of war that cannot be said with greater truth of cholera. If war is a blessing, then is cholera doubly so: and the advocates of the one ought to advocate the other and its systematic dissemination.

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But our warlike friends do not like to talk about cholera, and prefer to single out the much less brilliant glories of war. War, they tell us, unites a nation, causes political quarrels to cease, and welds the citizens together in mutual support and good will. This is true. But it is not a discovery of the present generation of war-lovers. As a discovery it goes back to the dawn of history, and has been the property of every clever despot who wished to throttle in his dominions anything like free thought, social and political evolution, and the growth of civil liberty. This argument, so enthusiastically set forth by the opponents of peace, that war is desirable because it unites a nation, is based upon the assumption that political and social disagreement and discussion are evils. It is quite comprehensible therefore that it should appeal forcibly to the upholders of the Romanof, Habsburg, and Hohenzollern dynasties with their theory of the Divine Right of Kings. But there is little chance of its influencing very deeply the Anglo-Saxon mind. For the lovers of civil liberty know that social and political progress are dependent exactly upon constant discussion, which means never-ending disagreement of opinion on various changing points of political creed. When disagreement on political matters is no longer found it means that political interest is dead and progress impossible.

Yes, there is no doubt that the advent of this war united all the great nations that have taken part in it and drew the attention of their citizens from interest in all internal political and social conditions and movements. The threatened revolt in Ulster is indefinitely postponed; as is also the final settling of Irish home rule just when it had come nearer a final settlement than ever it had in a whole century of agitation. The question of the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, the question of election reform, and all the other questions involved in the social legislation which was up for discussion last year,—all these are indefinitely side-tracked. France last spring and early summer was filled with discussion of various constitutional changes, which the ill-working of her Constitution since 1871 had shown to be needed. These all were forgotten at the first flare of the trumpet. The Russian Government last August was greatly embar-

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rassed by labor troubles. A large number of the working classes were demanding something more like their share of the good things of the land from a paternal Czar. But when the war began, the Government's embarrassments ended. The Czar has a united Russia behind him, with no vexatious talk of rights and liberties. *That* sort of thing is quashed for years to come. And Germany? Yes, even in the Fatherland there were democratic tendencies, and thinking men were crying out for some form of Constitution a little less mediæval and Prussianized than they were then enjoying, for something in short more like real popular self-government. But war was declared and the Socialists closed their mouths—and apparently their minds—and lined up with the Kaiser and his Junkers; and to-day the Vaterland is gloriously united, presenting intellectually as well as strategically the unity of a locomotive which starts going when the engineer turns the crank. Seventy million minds with but a single thought —surely a mental consummation devoutly to be wished! Everyone in the land, from university professor to coal-heaver, thinking exactly alike—a kind of well-drilled intellectual army, all doing the goose-step together. It is an inspiring spectacle!

And there was one other country in which questions of social and economic progress were being discussed zealously and intelligently a few months ago, and to which the war has brought a quite unique unity of sentiment and opinion. There are no more discussions of this sort in Belgium to-day.

But we are not yet done with this unity of thought and sentiment. What produced it? The war, no doubt: but how does war manage to do this? It does it by means of two of its effects. One is the destruction or the threatened destruction of all those things men love and live for. That is one of its ways of bringing unity. But the pestilence might do that; yet it would fail to produce the enthusiastic sort of unity one finds in war time. There is needed the other influence which war distils into men's minds: namely, Hate. A people becomes united through war, because it learns to hate in unison another people. This dissemination of hate is one of the most powerful means by which war produces its glorious results, and one of the most long-enduring and most characteristic of its effects. The political

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history of the world is in one sense a long history of senseless human hate resulting from past wars and producing future wars, a circle that is not only vicious but bloody and devilish. The Italians are still hating the Austrians for what happened before '59. The Franco-Prussian war was over more than forty years ago: but last August the vanquished were still sore from defeat, and the mutual hatred of the two races was only beginning to die out. And now this new war has come, which will probably mean that Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians and Italians will hate Austrians and Germans and be hated by them for more than half a century. No one living to-day will ever see it fully effaced. "Whatever may be the terms of peace," writes one who knows France well, "all human relations of Frenchmen with Germans have ceased indefinitely." "The shadow of the German death is too dark over the threshold of every French family; and every French consciousness, erroneously or not, is filled with too keen a sense of intolerable wrong for human intercourse, until Time the Healer has passed."

If this is what France feels, what must be in the heart of the Belgians? And was there ever in the history of Hell's victories and Christ's defeats a more terrible picture than that of a nation of 70,000,000 calling on God for victory and lashing themselves into a frenzied unity by the *Hassgesang:*

"You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forgo our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of head and hate of hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the Crown,
Hate of seventy millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
England!"

No! Let the lovers of war tell us if they will that war is advantageous, lucrative, inevitable, and we may perhaps be persuaded. But the nobility of war, the glory of war, the idealism of war, we've heard enough of it!

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THE DEAD

DAVID MORTON

THINK you the dead are lonely in that place?
They are companioned by the leaves and grass,
By many a beautiful and vanished face,
By all the strange and lovely things that pass.
Sunsets and dawnings and the starry vast,
The swimming moon, the tracery of trees—
These they shall know more perfectly at last,
They shall be intimate with such as these.
'Tis only for the living Beauty dies,
Fades and drifts from us with too brief a grace,
Beyond the changing tapestry of skies
Where dwells her perfect and immortal face.
For us the passage brief:—the happy dead
Are ever by great beauty visited.

II

All Souls' Night! Forth from their dwelling places
They cross the aching and uneasy night,
Seeking old doors and dear remembered faces,
Peering unseen in windows where a light
Falls on some book they loved or on some chair
Where they had rested many a night ago;
And well for them if one dear face be there
Whose unforgetting eyes they knew—and know.
Ah, well for them if in the quiet speech
That passes round the low-burned candle flame,
Some old familiar tale the listeners reach,
And silence fall about a spoken name.—
Better their sleep in those dim dwelling places,
For finding remembered and remembering faces.

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HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE COMING SLAVERY"

WITH COMMENTS BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE

[*As explained in Mr. Truxtun Beale's article on "The State v. the Man in America," in the August number of* THE FORUM, *several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive governmental activity are being reprinted, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among future contributors will be Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Augustus P. Gardner and William Howard Taft.*—EDITOR]

SENATOR LODGE'S COMMENTS

MR. CALHOUN on one occasion urged his fellow-members of the House of Representatives to "raise their minds" to certain truths. It was an exhortation which might well be addressed every year to every Congress and to the constituents who elect Congressmen and Senators as well, for the truths which Mr. Calhoun pointed out were general in their nature. They were ultimate truths as distinct from half truths or proximate truths, upon which alone almost all legislation is predicated. There has never been a time when it was more desirable for legislatures and people alike to look beyond the proximate truths or the half truths upon which we are acting and to consider the ultimate truth to which their actions lead. Mr. Birrell remarked in one of his essays that "a gloomy truth is a better companion through life than a cheerful falsehood," and this is quite as applicable to nations as it is to the individual man. At this time the movement to enlarge in every direction the powers and activities of government,—State, municipal and national,—is very strong and of late years has gone forward with startling rapidity. For those who think and try to think honestly about the future well-being of their country it is well to consider whither this movement is leading us. No one perhaps has pointed out the ultimate truths in-

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volved in this expansion of governmental functions better than Herbert Spencer in the essays collectively entitled *The Man v. the State.*

Spencer's philosophy or philosophical system, which involves the great mass of his work, need not concern us here. However much we may differ as to the value of that system or as to Spencer's mental attitude, there can be, I think, little dispute over the force and clearness with which he has discussed the relations of man to government. William James in his review of Spencer's autobiography says: "His attack on over-administration and criticisms of the inferiority of great centralized systems are worthy to be the text-books of individualists the world over." The words "individualist" and "individualism" of late years have been treated in our current political discussions as if what they signified was little short of criminal. "Individualism" has been cursed as amply as the jackdaw of Rheims in *The Ingoldsby Legends* when he stole the Cardinal's ring. None the less in these times it is a good thing to read the individualist argument, never better put than by Herbert Spencer, although the destruction of individualism since his day has gone to extremes which he probably did not contemplate, even if they were among the possibilities he depicted.

There is no single one of Spencer's essays perhaps which deals more effectively with the results of over-administration than the one entitled *The Coming Slavery.* It is directed against what is now known as State socialism. A single sentence from this essay, which ought to be carefully studied and read in its entirety, will show the proposition toward which it is directed. Speaking of the individual, Spencer says: "If, without option, he has to labor for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and toward such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us." It may be said in reply to this assertion, and probably will be said, that an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States are against State socialism and that Socialists have never been able in any election to poll one-fifteenth of the vote

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of the United States. This is quite true and thousands upon thousands of people who do not believe in the establishment of State socialism, and thousands upon thousands of others who are actively opposed to it, support more or less actively, or at least regard with indifference, measures which one by one are carrying us to that precise result. In other words, people are opposed to State socialism as a whole but accept with complaisance the rapidly multiplying steps which lead directly to it.

As Spencer says in another essay, society politically organized is based either upon compulsory or voluntary coöperation. The long established form of compulsory coöperation was the old military autocratic state of which Germany to-day offers a perfect example. The movement which began with the revolt of the American Colonies and the French Revolution shattered the old organizations of this type and during the first half of the nineteenth century restriction of the powers of government and the development of individualism and voluntary coöperation were dominant ideas. This movement was strongest in the freest countries like England and the United States, and in England it took the practical form of free trade and of a refusal to interfere with voluntary coöperation. In the United States, individualism was perhaps stronger than in any other country. The Democratic party at the outset was devoted to the principle of strict construction of the Constitution, of the least government and the most restricted administration possible. The Federalists, Whigs and Republicans favored a liberal construction of the Constitution and what seemed to them a reasonable exercise of the powers of government as in their belief essential to prosperity. One hundred years later we find the Democratic party at the other extreme and advocating in every direction the extension of governmental powers, while the Republican party, which has consistently supported a due exercise of these powers, is now in an attitude of resistance on many points to what it believes to be an undue extension.

The change in the relative attitudes of political parties is not, however, important; for the exercise of governmental powers supported by Federalists and Whigs and denounced by Democrats during the early nineteenth century would now be consid-

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ered little better than rank individualism by the mass of people in both parties. The only point to which it is desirable to call attention as a preliminary to a study of Spencer's essays is the vast growth of governmental activities which has taken place in the United States and more particularly since the twentieth century began. It is not necessary to enumerate the long list of measures which have conferred new powers upon the Government and which have received general support from men of all parties. It is only necessary to call attention to one fact which shows the extension of administrative functions and that is the enormous increase of the office-holding class made necessary by these new measures. In every department of the Government there has been an increase in the number of offices, and in the Treasury Department alone there has been an increase of nine hundred and thirty-eight offices within the last two years. That the same holds true of other executive departments is shown by the fact that the number of Government employees in the classified service, appointed as the result of competitive examinations, has increased from 222,278 in the year 1910 to 292,460 in the year 1914, while the total number of Government employees has increased from 384,088 to 482,721 in the same period. These increases are enough to give us pause, but when we reflect that there is an active movement on foot to have the Government take over the telegraphs and telephones, the railroads and the steamships of the country, we can see that these hundreds of thousands of offices now existent will be raised, if Government ownership prevails, to several millions. If this comes to pass we shall soon be governed by the office-holders of the classified service, just as Russia has been controlled by her bureaucracy. Apart from the general question of socialism it is well to consider whether we wish to substitute an office-holders' Government for that we now have, because it is certain that a highly organized body of office-holders, even if only a comparatively small minority of the people, will rule the large and incoherent masses of the general public.

There is also another ultimate result which will come if we continue along the path we are now treading, and which is peculiar in our system of government, and that is the destruction of

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the States or their reduction to a condition of inanition through the absorption of Government functions by the central Government at Washington. This movement is proceeding with great rapidity and it is well to remember that the State Governments embody the principle of local self-government which has always been justly regarded as one of the corner stones of the republic. With issues so important presented to us by the movements of the present day, it is surely worth while to try at least to clear our minds of cant and consider some of the ultimate truths set forth by Herbert Spencer, even if he was an individualist in principle. Our forefathers founded a limited Government. The movement of to-day and the various measures of a socialistic kind extending governmental activities are breaking down those constitutional limitations and are intended to do so. It is well for us to stop and consider whether it is wise to destroy the Government which Washington founded and which Lincoln saved.

THE COMING SLAVERY

THE kinship of pity to love is shown among other ways in this, that it idealizes its object. Sympathy with one in suffering suppresses, for the time being, remembrance of his transgressions. The feeling which vents itself in "poor fellow!" on seeing one in agony, excludes the thought of "bad fellow," which might at another time arise. Naturally, then, if the wretched are unknown or but vaguely known, all the demerits they may have are ignored; and thus it happens that when the miseries of the poor are dilated upon, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of as the miseries of the undeserving poor, which in large measure they should be. Those whose hardships are set forth in pamphlets and proclaimed in sermons and speeches which echo throughout society, are assumed to be all worthy souls, grievously wronged; and none of them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their misdeeds.

On hailing a cab in a London street, it is surprising how frequently the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get something for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern-doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street-performance, or procession, draws from neighboring slums and stable-yards a group of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London.

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"They have no work," you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselves out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other live on the good-for-somethings—vagrants and sots, criminals and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes; and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women.

Is it natural that happiness should be the lot of such? or is it natural that they should bring unhappiness on themselves and those connected with them? Is it not manifest that there must exist in our midst an immense amount of misery which is a normal result of misconduct, and ought not to be dissociated from it? There is a notion, always more or less prevalent and just now vociferously expressed, that all social suffering is removable, and that it is the duty of somebody or other to remove it. Both these beliefs are false. To separate pain from ill-doing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of dissolute living, eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalties in solitary cells, on tread-wheels, and by the lash. I suppose a dictum on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one, may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command "if any would not work neither should he eat," is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of Nature under which life has reached its present height—the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die: the sole difference being that the law which in the one case is to be artificially enforced, is, in the other case, a natural necessity. And yet this particular tenet of their religion which science so manifestly justifies, is the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept. The current assumption is that there should be no suffering, and that society is to blame for that which exists.

"But surely we are not without responsibilities, even when the suffering is that of the unworthy?"

If the meaning of the word "we" be so expanded as to include with ourselves our ancestors, and especially our ancestral legislators, I agree. I admit that those who made, and modified, and administered, the old Poor Law, were responsible for producing an appalling amount of demoralization, which it will take more than one generation to remove. I admit, too, the partial responsibility of recent and present law-makers for regulations which have brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union; and also their responsibility for maintaining a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes. Moreover, I admit that the philanthropic are not without their share of responsibility; since, that they may aid the offspring of the unworthy, they disadvantage the offspring of the worthy through burdening their parents

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by increased local rates. Nay, I even admit that these swarms of good-for-nothings, fostered and multiplied by public and private agencies, have, by sundry mischievous meddlings, been made to suffer more than they would otherwise have suffered. Are these the responsibilities meant? I suspect not.

But now, leaving the question of responsibilities, however conceived, and considering only the evil itself, what shall we say of its treatment? Let me begin with a fact.

A late uncle of mine, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, for some twenty years incumbent of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, no sooner entered on his parish duties than he proved himself anxious for the welfare of the poor, by establishing a school, a library, a clothing club, and land-allotments, besides building some model cottages. Moreover, up to 1833 he was a pauper's friend—always for the pauper against the overseer.

There presently came, however, the debates on the Poor Law, which impressed him with the evils of the system then in force. Though an ardent philanthropist he was not a timid sentimentalist. The result was that, immediately the New Poor Law was passed, he proceeded to carry out its provisions in his parish. Almost universal opposition was encountered by him: not the poor only being his opponents, but even the farmers on whom came the burden of heavy poor-rates. For, strange to say, their interests had become apparently identified with the maintenance of this system which taxed them so largely. The explanation is that there had grown up the practice of paying out of the rates a part of the wages of each farm-servant—"make-wages," as the sum was called. And though the farmers contributed most of the fund from which "make-wages" were paid, yet, since all other ratepayers contributed, the farmers seemed to gain by the arrangement. My uncle, however, not easily deterred, faced all this opposition and enforced the law. The result was that in two years the rates were reduced from £700 a year to £200 a year; while the condition of the parish was greatly improved. "Those who had hitherto loitered at the corners of the streets, or at the doors of the beer-shops, had something else to do, and one after another they obtained employment"; so that out of a population of 800, only 15 had to be sent as incapable paupers to the Bath Union (when that was formed), in place of the 100 who received out-door relief a short time before. If it be said that the £25 telescope which, a few years after, his parishioners presented to my uncle, marked the gratitude of the ratepayers only; then my reply is the fact that when, some years later still, having killed himself by overwork in pursuit of popular welfare, he was taken to Hinton to be buried, the procession which followed him to the grave included not the well-to-do only but the poor.

Several motives have prompted this brief narrative. One is the wish to prove that sympathy with the people and self-sacrificing efforts on their

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behalf, do not necessarily imply approval of gratuitous aids. Another is the desire to show that benefit may result, not from multiplication of artificial appliances to mitigate distress, but, contrariwise, from diminution of them. And a further purpose I have in view is that of preparing the way for an analogy.

Under another form and in a different sphere, we are now yearly extending a system which is identical in nature with the system of "make-wages" under the old Poor Law. Little as politicians recognize the fact, it is nevertheless demonstrable that these various public appliances for working-class comfort, which they are supplying at the cost of ratepayers, are intrinsically of the same nature as those which, in past times, treated the farmer's man as half-labourer and half-pauper. In either case the worker receives in return for what he does, money wherewith to buy certain of the things he wants; while, to procure the rest of them for him, money is furnished out of a common fund raised by taxes. What matters it whether the things supplied by ratepayers for nothing, instead of by the employer in payment, are of this kind or that kind? the principle is the same. For sums received let us substitute the commodities and benefits purchased; and then see how the matter stands. In old Poor-Law times, the farmer gave for work done the equivalent, say of house-rent, bread, clothes, and fire; while the ratepayers practically supplied the man and his family with their shoes, tea, sugar, candles, a little bacon, &c. The division is, of course, arbitrary; but unquestionably the farmer and the ratepayers furnished these things between them. At the present time the artisan receives from his employer in wages, the equivalent of the consumable commodities he wants; while from the public comes satisfaction for others of his needs and desires. At the cost of ratepayers he has in some cases, and will presently have in more, a house at less than its commercial value; for of course when, as in Liverpool, a municipality spends nearly £200,000 in pulling down and reconstructing low-class dwellings, and is about to spend as much again, the implication is that in some way the ratepayers supply the poor with more accommodation than the rents they pay would otherwise have brought. The artisan further receives from them, in schooling for his children, much more than he pays for; and there is every probability that he will presently receive it from them gratis. The ratepayers also satisfy what desire he may have for books and newspapers, and comfortable places to read them in. In some cases too, as in Manchester, gymnasia for his children of both sexes, as well as recreation grounds, are provided. That is to say, he obtains from a fund raised by local taxes, certain benefits beyond those which the sum received for his labour enables him to purchase. The sole difference, then, between this system and the old system of "make-wages," is between the kinds of satisfactions obtained; and this difference does not in the least affect the nature of the arrangement.

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Moreover, the two are pervaded by substantially the same illusion. In the one case, as in the other, what looks like a gratis benefit is not a gratis benefit. The amount which, under the old Poor Law, the half-pauperized labourer received from the parish to eke out his weekly income, was not really, as it appeared, a bonus; for it was accompanied by a substantially-equivalent decrease of his wages, as was quickly proved when the system was abolished and the wages rose. Just so is it with these seeming boons received by working people in towns. I do not refer only to the fact that they unawares pay in part through the raised rents of their dwellings (when they are not actual ratepayers); but I refer to the fact that the wages received by them are, like the wages of the farm-labourer, diminished by these public burdens falling on employers. Read the accounts coming of late from Lancashire concerning the cotton-strike, containing proofs, given by artisans themselves, that the margin of profit is so narrow that the less skilful manufacturers, as well as those with deficient capital, fail, and that the companies of co-operators who compete with them can rarely hold their own; and then consider what is the implication respecting wages. Among the costs of production have to be reckoned taxes, general and local. If, as in our large towns, the local rates now amount to one-third of the rental or more—if the employer has to pay this, not on his private dwelling only, but on his business-premises, factories, warehouses, or the like; it results that the interest on his capital must be diminished by that amount, or the amount must be taken from the wages-fund, or partly one and partly the other. And if competition among capitalists in the same business, and in other businesses, has the effect of so keeping down interest that while some gain others lose, and not a few are ruined—if capital, not getting adequate interest, flows elsewhere and leaves labour unemployed; then it is manifest that the choice for the artisan under such conditions, lies between diminished amount of work and diminished rate of payment for it. Moreover, for kindred reasons these local burdens raise the costs of the things he consumes. The charges made by distributors are, on the average, determined by the current rates of interest on capital used in distributing businesses; and the extra costs of carrying on such businesses have to be paid for by extra prices. So that as in the past the rural worker lost in one way what he gained in another, so in the present does the urban worker: there being, too, in both cases, the loss entailed on him by the cost of administration and the waste accompanying it.

"But what has all this to do with 'the coming slavery'?" will perhaps be asked. Nothing directly, but a good deal indirectly, as we shall see after yet another preliminary section.

It is said that when railways were first opened in Spain, peasants standing on the tracks were not unfrequently run over; and that the blame fell on the engine-drivers for not stopping: rural experiences having yielded

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no conception of the momentum of a large mass moving at a high velocity.

The incident is recalled to me on contemplating the ideas of the so-called "practical" politician, into whose mind there enters no thought of such a thing as political momentum, still less of a political momentum which, instead of diminishing or remaining constant, increases. The theory on which he daily proceeds is that the change caused by his measure will stop where he intends it to stop. He contemplates intently the things his act will achieve, but thinks little of the remoter issues of the movement his act sets up, and still less its collateral issues. When, in war-times, "food for powder" was to be provided by encouraging population—when Mr. Pitt said, "Let us make relief in cases where there are a number of children a matter of right and honour, instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt"; it was not expected that the poor-rates would be quadrupled in fifty years, that women with many bastards would be preferred as wives to modest women, because of their incomes from the parish, and that hosts of ratepayers would be pulled down into the ranks of pauperism. Legislators who in 1833 voted £30,000 a year to aid in building school-houses, never supposed that the step they then took would lead to forced contributions, local and general, now amounting to £6,000,000; they did not intend to establish the principle that A should be made responsible for educating B's offspring; they did not dream of a compulsion which would deprive poor widows of the help of their elder children; and still less did they dream that their successors, by requiring impoverished parents to apply to Boards of Guardians to pay the fees which School Boards would not remit, would initiate a habit of applying to Boards of Guardians and so cause pauperization. Neither did those who in 1834 passed an Act regulating the labour of women and children in certain factories, imagine that the system they were beginning would end in the restriction and inspection of labour in all kinds of producing establishments where more than fifty people are employed; nor did they conceive that the inspection provided would grow to the extent of requiring that before a "young person" is employed in a factory, authority must be given by a certifying surgeon, who, by personal examination (to which no limit is placed) has satisfied himself that there is no incapacitating disease or bodily infirmity: his verdict determining whether the "young person" shall earn wages or not.* Even less, as I say, does the politician who plumes himself on the practicalness of his aims, conceive the indirect results which will follow the direct results of his measures. Thus, to take a case connected with one named above, it was not intended through the system of "payment by results," to do anything more than give teachers an efficient stimulus: it was not supposed that in numerous cases their health would give way under the stimulus; it was not expected that they would be led to adopt a cramming system and to put undue pressure on dull and weak children, often to

* Factories and Workshops Act, 41 and 42 Vic., cap. 16.

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their great injury; it was not foreseen that in many cases a bodily enfeeblement would be caused which no amount of grammar and geography can compensate for. The licensing of public-houses was simply for maintaining public order: those who devised it never imagined that there would result an organized interest powerfully influencing elections in an unwholesome way. Nor did it occur to the "practical" politicians who provided a compulsory load-line for merchant vessels, that the pressure of ship-owners' interests would habitually cause the putting of the load-line at the very highest limit, and that from precedent to precedent, tending ever in the same direction, the load-line would gradually rise in the better class of ships; as from good authority I learn that it has already done. Legislators who, some forty years ago, by Act of Parliament compelled railway-companies to supply cheap locomotion, would have ridiculed the belief, had it been expressed, that eventually their Act would punish the companies which improved the supply; and yet this was the result to companies which began to carry third-class passengers by fast trains; since a penalty to the amount of the passenger-duty was inflicted on them for every third-class passenger so carried. To which instance concerning railways, add a far more striking one disclosed by comparing the railway policies of England and France. The law-makers who provided for the ultimate lapsing of French railways to the State, never conceived the possibility that inferior travelling facilities would result—did not foresee that reluctance to depreciate the value of property eventually coming to the State, would negative the authorization of competing lines, and that in the absence of competing lines locomotion would be relatively costly, slow, and infrequent; for, as Sir Thomas Farrer has lately shown, the traveller in England has great advantages over the French traveller in the economy, swiftness, and frequency with which his journeys can be made.

But the "practical" politician who, in spite of such experiences repeated generation after generation, goes on thinking only of proximate results, naturally never thinks of results still more remote, still more general, and still more important than those just exemplified. To repeat the metaphor used above—he never asks whether the political momentum set up by his measure, in some cases decreasing but in other cases greatly increasing, will or will not have the same general direction with other like momenta; and whether it may not join them in presently producing an aggregate energy working changes never thought of. Dwelling only on the effects of his particular stream of legislation, and not observing how such other streams already existing, and still other streams which will follow his initiative, pursue the same average course, it never occurs to him that they may presently unite into a voluminous flood utterly changing the face of things. Or to leave figures for a more literal statement, he is unconscious of the truth that he is helping to form a certain type of social

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organization, and that kindred measures, effecting kindred changes of organization, tend with ever-increasing force to make that type general; until, passing a certain point, the proclivity towards it becomes irresistible. Just as each society aims when possible to produce in other societies a structure akin to its own—just as among the Greeks, the Spartans and the Athenians struggled to spread their respective political institutions, or as, at the time of the French Revolution, the European absolute monarchies aimed to re-establish absolute monarchy in France while the Republic encouraged the formation of other republics; so within every society, each species of structure tends to propagate itself. Just as the system of voluntary co-operation by companies, associations, unions, to achieve business ends and other ends, spreads throughout a community; so does the antagonistic system of compulsory co-operation under State-agencies spread; and the larger becomes its extension the more power of spreading it gets. The question of questions for the politician should ever be—"What type of social structure am I tending to produce?" But this is a question he never entertains.

Here we will entertain it for him. Let us now observe the general course of recent changes, with the accompanying current of ideas, and see whither they are carrying us.

The blank form of an inquiry daily made is—"We have already done this; why should we not do that?" And the regard for precedent suggested by it, is ever pushing on regulative legislation. Having had brought within their sphere of operation more and more numerous businesses, the Acts restricting hours of employment and dictating the treatment of workers are now to be made applicable to shops. From inspecting lodging-houses to limit the numbers of occupants and enforce sanitary conditions, we have passed to inspecting all houses below a certain rent in which there are members of more than one family, and are now passing to a kindred inspection of all small houses. The buying and working of telegraphs by the State is made a reason for urging that the State should buy and work the railways. Supplying children with food for their minds by public agency is being followed in some cases by supplying food for their bodies; and after the practice has been made gradually more general, we may anticipate that the supply, now proposed to be made gratis in the one case, will eventually be proposed to be made gratis in the other: the argument that good bodies as well as good minds are needful to make good citizens, being logically urged as a reason for the extension.* And then,

* Verification comes more promptly than I expected. This article has been standing in type since January 30, and in the interval, namely on March 13 [the article was published on April 1], the London School Board resolved to apply for authority to use local charitable funds for supplying gratis meals and clothing to indigent children. Presently the definition of "indigent" will be widened; more children will be included, and more funds asked for.

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avowedly proceeding on the precedents furnished by the church, the school, and the reading-room, all publicly provided, it is contended that " pleasure, in the sense it is now generally admitted, needs legislating for and organizing at least as much as work."

Not precedent only prompts this spread, but also the necessity which arises for supplementing ineffective measures, and for dealing with the artificial evils continually caused. Failure does not destroy faith in the agencies employed, but merely suggests more stringent use of such agencies or wider ramifications of them. Laws to check intemperance, beginning in early times and coming down to our own times, not having done what was expected, there come demands for more thorough-going laws, locally preventing the sale altogether; and here, as in America, these will doubtless be followed by demands that prevention shall be made universal. All the many appliances for " stamping out " epidemic diseases not having succeeded in preventing outbreaks of small-pox, fevers, and the like, a further remedy is applied for in the shape of police-power to search houses for diseased persons, and authority for medical officers to examine any one they think fit, to see whether he or she is suffering from an infectious or contagious malady. Habits of improvidence having for generations been cultivated by the Poor-Law, and the improvident enabled to multiply, the evils produced by compulsory charity are now proposed to be met by compulsory insurance.

The extension of this policy, causing extension of corresponding ideas, fosters everywhere the tacit assumption that Government should step in whenever anything is not going right. " Surely you would not have this misery continue! " exclaims some one, if you hint a demurrer to much that is now being said and done. Observe what is implied by this exclamation. It takes for granted, first, that all suffering ought to be prevented, which is not true: much of the suffering is curative and prevention of it is prevention of a remedy. In the second place, it takes for granted that every evil can be removed: the truth being that, with the existing defects of human nature, many evils can only be thrust out of one place or form into another place or form—often being increased by the change. The exclamation also implies the unhesitating belief, here especially concerning us, that evils of all kinds should be dealt with by the State. There does not occur the inquiry whether there are at work other agencies capable of dealing with evils, and whether the evils in question may not be among those which are best dealt with by these other agencies. And obviously, the more numerous governmental interventions become, the more confirmed does this habit of thought grow, and the more loud and perpetual the demands for intervention.

Every extension of the regulative policy involves an addition to the regulative agents—a further growth of officialism and an increasing power of the organization formed of officials. Take a pair of scales with many

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shot in the one and a few in the other. Lift shot after shot out of the loaded scale and put it into the unloaded scale. Presently you will produce a balance; and if you go on, the position of the scales will be reversed. Suppose the beam to be unequally divided, and let the lightly loaded scale be at the end of a very long arm; then the transfer of each shot, producing a much greater effect, will far sooner bring about a change of position. I use the figure to illustrate what results from transferring one individual after another from the regulated mass of the community to the regulating structures. The transfer weakens the one and strengthens the other in a far greater degree than is implied by the relative change of numbers. A comparatively small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible; as we see in the bureaucracies of the Continent.

Not only does the power of resistance of the regulated part decrease in a geometrical ratio as the regulating part increases, but the private interests of many in the regulated part itself, make the change of ratio still more rapid. In every circle conversations show that now, when the passing of competitive examinations renders them eligible for the public service, youths are being educated in such ways that they may pass them and get employment under Government. One consequence is that men who might otherwise reprobate further growth of officialism, are led to look on it with tolerance, if not favourably, as offering possible careers for those dependent on them and those related to them. Any one who remembers the numbers of upper-class and middle-class families anxious to place their children, will see that no small encouragement to the spread of legislative control is now coming from those who, but for the personal interests thus arising, would be hostile to it.

This pressing desire for careers is enforced by the preference for careers which are thought respectable. "Even should his salary be small, his occupation will be that of a gentleman," thinks the father, who wants to get a Government-clerkship for his son. And this relative dignity of State-servants as compared with those occupied in business increases as the administrative organization becomes a larger and more powerful element in society, and tends more and more to fix the standard of honour. The prevalent ambition with a young Frenchman is to get some small official post in his locality, to rise thence to a place in the local centre of government, and finally to reach some head-office in Paris. And in Russia, where that universality of State-regulation which characterizes the militant type of society has been carried furthest, we see this ambition pushed to its extreme. Says Mr. Wallace, quoting a passage from a play:—"All men, even shopkeepers and cobblers, aim at becoming officers, and the man who

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has passed his whole life without official rank seems to be not a human being."

These various influences working from above downwards, meet with an increasing response of expectations and solicitations proceeding from below upwards. The hard-worked and over-burdened who form the great majority, and still more the incapables perpetually helped who are ever led to look for more help, are ready supporters of schemes which promise them this or the other benefit by State-agency, and ready believers of those who tell them that such benefits can be given, and ought to be given. They listen with eager faith to all builders of political air-castles, from Oxford graduates down to Irish irreconcilables; and every additional tax-supported appliance for their welfare raises hopes of further ones. Indeed the more numerous public instrumentalities become, the more is there generated in citizens the notion that everything is to be done for them, and nothing by them. Each generation is made less familiar with the attainment of desired ends by individual actions or private combinations, and more familiar with the attainment of them by governmental agencies; until, eventually, governmental agencies come to be thought of as the only available agencies. This result was well shown in the recent Trades-Unions Congress at Paris. The English delegates, reporting to their constituents, said that between themselves and their foreign colleagues "the point of difference was the extent to which the State should be asked to protect labour"; reference being thus made to the fact, conspicuous in the reports of the proceedings, that the French delegates always invoked governmental power as the only means of satisfying their wishes.

The diffusion of education has worked, and will work still more, in the same direction. "We must educate our masters," is the well-known saying of a Liberal who opposed the last extension of the franchise. Yes, if the education were worthy to be so called, and were relevant to the political enlightenment needed, much might be hoped from it. But knowing rules of syntax, being able to add up correctly, having geographical information, and a memory stocked with the dates of kings' accessions and generals' victories, no more implies fitness to form political conclusions than acquirement of skill in drawing implies expertness in telegraphing, or than ability to play cricket implies proficiency on the violin. "Surely," rejoins some one, "facility in reading opens the way to political knowledge." Doubtless; but will the way be followed? Table-talk proves that nine out of ten people read what amuses them rather than what instructs them; and proves, also, that the last thing they read is something which tells them disagreeable truths or dispels groundless hopes. That popular education results in an extensive reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions rather than of those which insist on hard realities, is beyond question. Says "A Mechanic," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 3, 1883:—

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"Improved education instils the desire for culture—culture instils the desire for many things as yet quite beyond working men's reach . . . in the furious competition to which the present age is given up they are utterly impossible to the poorer classes; hence they are discontented with things as they are, and the more educated the more discontented. Hence, too, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris are regarded as true prophets by many of us."

And that the connexion of cause and effect here alleged is a real one, we may see clearly enough in the present state of Germany.

Being possessed of electoral power, as are now the mass of those who are thus led to nurture sanguine anticipations of benefits to be obtained by social reorganization, it results that whoever seeks their votes must at least refrain from exposing their mistaken beliefs; even if he does not yield to the temptation to express agreement with them. Every candidate for Parliament is prompted to propose or support some new piece of *ad captandum* legislation. Nay, even the chiefs of parties—these anxious to retain office and those to wrest it from them—severally aim to get adherents by outbidding one another. Each seeks popularity by promising more than his opponent has promised, as we have lately seen. And then, as divisions in Parliament show us, the traditional loyalty to leaders overrides questions concerning the intrinsic propriety of proposed measures. Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for Bills which they believe to be wrong in principle, because party-needs and regard for the next election demand it. And thus a vicious policy is strengthened even by those who see its viciousness.

Meanwhile there goes on out-of-doors an active propaganda to which all these influences are ancillary. Communistic theories, partially indorsed by one Act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favoured by numerous public men seeking supporters, are being advocated more and more vociferously by popular leaders, and urged on by organized societies. There is the movement for land-nationalization which, aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract, is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners, and as the basis of a scheme going more than half-way to State-socialism. And then there is the thoroughgoing Democratic Federation of Mr. Hyndman and his adherents. We are told by them that "the handful of marauders who now hold possession [of the land] have and can have no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong." They exclaim against "the shareholders who have been allowed to lay hands upon (!) our great railway communications." They condemn "above all, the active capitalist class, the loan-mongers, the farmers, the mine exploiters, the contractors, the middlemen, the factory-lords—these, the modern slave drivers" who exact "more and yet more surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom

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they employ." And they think it "high time" that trade should be "removed from the control of individual greed." *

It remains to point out that the tendencies thus variously displayed, are being strengthened by press advocacy, daily more pronounced. Journalists, always chary of saying that which is distasteful to their readers, are some of them going with the stream and adding to its force. Legislative meddlings which they would once have condemned they now pass in silence, if they do not advocate them; and they speak of *laissez-faire* as an exploded doctrine. "People are no longer frightened at the thought of socialism," is the statement which meets us one day. On another day, a town which does not adopt the Free Libraries Act is sneered at as being alarmed by a measure so moderately communistic. And then, along with editorial assertions that this economic evolution is coming and must be accepted, there is prominence given to the contributions of its advocates. Meanwhile those who regard the recent course of legislation as disastrous, and see that its future course is likely to be still more disastrous, are being reduced to silence by the belief that it is useless to reason with people in a state of political intoxication.

See, then, the many concurrent causes which threaten continually to accelerate the transformation now going on. There is that spread of regulation caused by following precedents, which become the more authoritative the further the policy is carried. There is that increasing need for administrative compulsions and restraints, which results from the unforeseen evils and shortcomings of preceding compulsions and restraints. Moreover, every additional State-interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the State to deal with all evils and secure all benefits. Increasing power of a growing administrative organization is accompanied by decreasing power of the rest of the society to resist its further growth and control. The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy, tempts members of the classes regulated by it to favour its extension, as adding to the chances of safe and respectable places for their relatives. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, have their hopes continually excited by the prospects of more. A spreading education, furthering the diffusion of pleasing errors rather than of stern truths, renders such hopes both stronger and more general. Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice, to augment their chances of success; and leading statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favour by countenancing them. Getting repeated justifications from new laws harmonizing with their doctrines, political enthusiasts and unwise philanthropists push their agitations with growing confidence and success. Journalism, ever responsive to popular opinion, daily strengthens

* *Socialism Made Plain.* Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.

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it by giving it voice; while counter-opinion, more and more discouraged, finds little utterance.

Thus influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action. And the change is being on all sides aided by schemers, each of whom thinks only of his pet plan and not at all of the general reorganization which his plan, joined with others such, are working out. It is said that the French Revolution devoured its own children. Here, an analogous catastrophe seems not unlikely. The numerous socialistic changes made by Act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by-and-by be all merged in State-socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised.

"But why is this change described as 'the coming slavery'?" is a question which many will still ask. The reply is simple. All socialism involves slavery.

What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labours under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that originally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food. A further amelioration gives him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises where, having been a free man working on his own land, conquest turns him into what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to give to his owner each year a fixed amount of labour or produce, or both: retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases, as in Russia before serfdom was abolished, he is allowed to leave his owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere, under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum. What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of the slavery as more or less severe? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labour is for his owner the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. Take now a further step. Suppose an owner dies, and his estate with its slaves comes into the hands of trustees; or suppose the estate and everything on it to be bought by a company; is the condition of the slave any the better if the amount of

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his compulsory labour remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave if the time he has to work for others is as great, and the time left for himself is as small, as before? The essential question is—How much is he compelled to labour for other benefit than his own, and how much can he labour for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labour for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and towards such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. Let us observe, first, their proximate effects, and then their ultimate effects.

The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings Acts admits of development, and will develop. Where municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the values of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided, diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profit is not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labour and many losses—already subject to troubles of inspection and interference, and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment, is prompted to sell; and as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. And now these still-multiplying regulations, ending, it may be, as Lord Grey proposes, in one requiring the owner to maintain the salubrity of his houses by evicting dirty tenants, and thus adding to his other responsibilities that of inspector of nuisances, must further prompt sales and further deter purchasers: so necessitating greater depreciation. What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsaleable to private persons in the way shown—houses which, greatly lowered in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. Nay, this process must work in a double way; since every entailed increase of local taxation still further depreciates property.* And then when in towns this process

* If anyone thinks such fears are groundless, let him contemplate the fact that from 1867-8 to 1880-1, our annual local expenditure for the United Kingdom has grown from £36,132,834 to £63,276,283; and that during the same 13 years, the municipal expenditure in England and Wales alone, has grown from 13 millions to 30 millions a year! How the increase of public burdens will join with other causes in bringing about public ownership, is shown by a statement made by Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., to which my attention has been drawn since the

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has gone so far as to make the local authority the chief owner of houses, there will be a good precedent for publicly providing houses for the rural population, as proposed in the Radical programme, and as urged by the Democratic Federation; which insists on "the compulsory construction of healthy artisans' and agricultural labourers' dwellings in proportion to the population." Manifestly, the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house-proprietor.

Such, too, must be the effect of the daily-growing policy on the tenure and utilization of the land. More numerous public benefits, to be achieved by more numerous public agencies, at the cost of augmented public burdens, must increasingly deduct from the returns on land; until, as the depreciation in value becomes greater and greater, the resistance to change of tenure becomes less and less. Already, as everyone knows, there is in many places difficulty in obtaining tenants, even at greatly reduced rents; and land of inferior fertility in some cases lies idle, or when farmed by the owner is often farmed at a loss. Clearly the profit on capital invested in land is not such that taxes, local and general, can be greatly raised to support extended public administrations, without an absorption of it which will prompt owners to sell, and make the best of what reduced price they can get by emigrating and buying land not subject to heavy burdens; as, indeed, some are now doing. This process, carried far, must have the result of throwing inferior land out of cultivation; after which there will be raised more generally the demand made by Mr. Arch, who, addressing the Radical Association of Brighton lately, and, contending that existing landlords do not make their land adequately productive for the public benefit, said "he should like the present Government to pass a Compulsory Cultivation Bill"; an applauded proposal which he justified by instancing compulsory vaccination (thus illustrating the influence of precedent). And this demand will be pressed, not only by the need for making the land productive, but also by the need for employing the rural population. After the Government has extended the practice of hiring the unemployed to work on deserted lands, or lands acquired at nominal prices, there will be reached a stage whence there is but a small further step to that arrangement which, in the programme of the Democratic Federation, is to follow nationalization of the land—the "organization of agricultural and industrial armies under State control on co-operative principles."

To one who doubts whether such a revolution may be so reached, facts may be cited showing its likelihood. In Gaul, during the decline of the Roman Empire, "so numerous were the receivers in comparison with the

above paragraph was in type. He says, "within my own experience, local taxation in New York has risen from 12*s.* 6*d.* per cent. to £2 12*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on the capital of its citizens—a charge which would more than absorb the whole income of an average English landlord."—*Nineteenth Century,* February, 1883.

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payers, and so enormous the weight of taxation, that the labourer broke down, the plains became deserts, and woods grew where the plough had been." * In like manner, when the French Revolution was approaching, the public burdens had become such, that many farms remained uncultivated and many were deserted: one-quarter of the soil was absolutely lying waste; and in some provinces one-half was in heath. † Nor have we been without incidents of a kindred nature at home. Besides the facts that under the old Poor Law the rates had in some parishes risen to half the rental, and that in various places farms were lying idle, there is the fact that in one case the rates had absorbed the whole proceeds of the soil.

> At Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in 1832, the poor rate "suddenly ceased in consequence of the impossibility to continue its collection, the landlords have given up their rents, the farmers their tenancies, and the clergyman his glebe and his tithes. The clergyman, Mr. Jeston, states that in October, 1832, the parish officers threw up their books, and the poor assembled in a body before his door while he was in bed, asking for advice and food. Partly from his own small means, partly from the charity of neighbours, and partly by rates in aid, imposed on the neighbouring parishes, they were for some time supported." ‡

And the Commissioners add that "the benevolent rector recommends that the whole of the land should be divided among the able-bodied paupers": hoping that after help afforded for two years they might be able to maintain themselves. These facts, giving colour to the prophecy made in Parliament that continuance of the old Poor Law for another thirty years would throw the land out of cultivation, clearly show that increase of public burdens may end in forced cultivation under public control.

Then, again, comes State-ownership of railways. Already this exists to a large extent on the Continent. Already we have had here a few years ago loud advocacy of it. And now the cry, which was raised by sundry politicians and publicists, is taken up afresh by the Democratic Federation; which proposes "State-appropriation of railways, with or without compensation." Evidently pressure from above joined by pressure from below, is likely to effect this change dictated by the policy everywhere spreading; and with it must come many attendant changes. For railway-proprietors, at first owners and workers of railways only, have become masters of numerous businesses directly or indirectly connected with railways; and these will have to be purchased by Government when the railways are purchased. Already exclusive letter-carrier, exclusive transmitter of telegrams, and on the way to become exclusive carrier of parcels, the State will not only be exclusive carrier of passengers, goods, and minerals,

* Lactant. *De M. Persecut.*, cc. 7, 23.

† Taine, *L'Ancien Régime*, pp. 337-8 (in the English Translation).

‡ *Report of Commissioners for Inquiry into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor Laws*, p. 37. February 20, 1874.

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but will add to its present various trades many other trades. Even now, besides erecting its naval and military establishments and building harbours, docks, break-waters, &c., it does the work of ship-builder, cannon-founder, small-arms maker, manufacturer of ammunition, army-clothier and boot-maker; and when the railways have been appropriated "with or without compensation," as the Democratic Federationists say, it will have to become locomotive-engine-builder, carriage-maker, tarpaulin and grease manufacturer, passenger-vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omnibus proprietor, &c. Meanwhile its local lieutenants, the municipal governments, already in many places suppliers of water, gas-makers, owners and workers of tramways, proprietors of baths, will doubtless have undertaken various other businesses. And when the State, directly or by proxy, has thus come into possession of, or has established, numerous concerns for wholesale production and for wholesale distribution, there will be good precedents for extending its function to retail distribution: following such an example, say, as is offered by the French Government, which has long been a retail tobacconist.

Evidently then, the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged, will carry us not only towards State-ownership of land and dwellings and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by State-agents, but towards State-usurpation of all industries: the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the State, which can arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away; just as many voluntary schools have, in presence of Board-schools. And so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialists.

And now when there has been compassed this desired ideal, which "practical" politicians are helping socialists to reach, and which is so tempting on that bright side which socialists contemplate, what must be the accompanyng shady side which they do not contemplate? It is a matter of common remark, often made when a marriage is impending, that those possessed by strong hopes habitually dwell on the promised pleasures and think nothing of the accompanying pains. A further exemplification of this truth is supplied by these political enthusiasts and fanatical revolutionists. Impressed with the miseries existing under our present social arrangements, and not regarding these miseries as caused by the ill-working of a human nature but partially adapted to the social state, they imagine them to be forthwith curable by this or that rearrangement. Yet, even did their plans succeed it could only be by substituting one kind of evil for another. A little deliberate thought would show that under their proposed arrangements, their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared for.

For no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation, and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even

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one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields them proof. It is compelled to have its councils, its local and general officers, its authoritative leaders, who must be obeyed under penalty of confusion and failure. And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a Government, shows that even in private voluntarily-formed societies, the power of the regulative organization becomes great, if not irresistible: often, indeed, causing grumbling and restiveness among those controlled. Trades-unions which carry on a kind of industrial war in defence of workers' interests *versus* employers' interests, find that subordination almost military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action; for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of co-operators, formed for carrying on manufacturing or distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensive or defensive, it is still found that the administrative agency gains such supremacy that there arise complaints about "the tyranny of organization." Judge then what must happen when, instead of relatively small combinations, to which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country. Judge what must under such conditions become the despotism of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order. Well may Prince Bismarck display leanings towards State-socialism.

And then after recognizing, as they must if they think out their scheme, the power possessed by the regulative agency in the new social system so temptingly pictured, let its advocates ask themselves to what end this power must be used. Not dwelling exclusively, as they habitually do, on the material well-being and the mental gratifications to be provided for them by a beneficent administration, let them dwell a little on the price to be paid. The officials cannot create the needful supplies: they can but distribute among individuals that which the individuals have joined to produce. If the public agency is required to provide for them, it must reciprocally require them to furnish the means. There cannot be, as under our existing system, agreement between employer and employed—this the scheme excludes. There must in place of it be command by local authorities over workers, and acceptance by the workers of that which the authorities assign to them. And this, indeed, is the arrangement distinctly, but as it would seem inadvertently, pointed to by the members of the Democratic Federation. For they propose that production should be carried on by "agricultural and industrial *armies* under State-control": apparently not remembering that armies pre-suppose grades of officers, by whom obedience would have to be insisted upon; since otherwise neither order nor

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efficient work could be ensured. So that each would stand toward the governing agency in the relation of slave to master.

"But the governing agency would be a master which he and others made and kept constantly in check; and one which therefore would not control him or others more than was needful for the benefit of each and all."

To which reply the first rejoinder is that, even if so, each member of the community as an individual would be a slave to the community as a whole. Such a relation has habitually existed in militant communities, even under quasi-popular forms of government. In ancient Greece the accepted principle was that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but to his city—the city being with the Greek equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is a doctrine which socialism unawares re-introduces into a state intended to be purely industrial. The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all; and for these services, such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild, must be the outcome of the arrangement.

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild. The socialist speculation is vitiated by an assumption like that which vitiates the speculations of the "practical" politician. It is assumed that officialism will work as it is intended to work, which it never does. The machinery of Communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since, vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization once developed and consolidated, must become irresistible. And if there needs proof that the periodic exercise of electoral power would fail to prevent this, it suffices to instance the French Government, which, purely popular in origin, and subject at short intervals to popular judgment, nevertheless tramples on the freedom of citizens to an extent which the English delegates to the late Trades Unions Congress say "is a disgrace to, and an anomaly in, a Republican nation."

The final result would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials, like an army of military officials, gives supreme power to its head—a power which has often led to usurpation, as in mediæval Europe and still more in Japan—nay, has thus so led among our neighbours, within our own times. The recent confessions of M. de Maupas have shown how readily a constitutional head, elected and trusted by the whole people, may,

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with the aid of a few unscrupulous confederates, paralyze the representative body and make himself autocrat. That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we have good reason for concluding. When we find that shareholders who, sometimes gaining but often losing, have made that railway-system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased, are spoken of by the council of the Democratic Federation as having "laid hands" on the means of communication, we may infer that those who directed a socialistic administration might interpret with extreme perversity the claims of individuals and classes under their control. And when, further, we find members of this same council urging that the State should take possession of the railways, "with or without compensation," we may suspect that the heads of the ideal society desired, would be but little deterred by considerations of equity from pursuing whatever policy they thought needful: a policy which would always be one identified with their own supremacy. It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru; under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and in-doors, laboured for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that *régime* of status—that system of compulsory co-operation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism, and towards which the new Toryism is carrying us back.

"But we shall be on our guard against all that—we shall take precautions to ward off such disasters," will doubtless say the enthusiasts. Be they "practical" politicians with their new regulative measures, or communists with their schemes for re-organizing labour, their reply is ever the same:—"It is true that plans of kindred nature have, from unforeseen causes or adverse accidents, or the misdeeds of those concerned, been brought to failure; but this time we shall profit by past experiences and succeed." There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which nevertheless is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the socialists but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defective natures of citizens will show themselves in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.*

* *The Coming Slavery* is reprinted by the courtesy of D. Appleton and Company.

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THE UNNAMED DEAD

CHARLES VALE

EACH day, each night, so many heroes die,
Unheralded. Theirs is no roll of fame.
Their final resting place must bear no name
That would reveal them to one passing by.
Summer or winter, under an alien sky,
They sleep alone, or stacked in some vast mound.
No more shall they be known above the ground,
Beneath which they contentedly will lie.

Others, who gladly died, have won at least
Some symbol, great or small, of reverence.
We know the manner of their going hence,
And give them glory. But, till life has ceased,
With toast and wine, with prayer and with bowed head,
We shall remember you, our Unnamed Dead!

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NIETZSCHE'S JEWISH OBSESSION

ABRAM LIPSKY

THE ancient literary sport of God-baiting, exemplified in such poems as the Prometheus of Æschylus, in Job and in Faust, has considerably declined. The delicious thrill of defying God is denied to those who no longer believe in Him. A more fearful sensation has, however, been invented. It is that of defying Morals.

It was in the name of Morals that formerly God was challenged. He was charged with not being as just, as true, as kind as He should be. He was summoned to the bar of abstract Justice; He was confronted with Truth; He was reproached by Love. Morals, in a word, were enthroned higher than God, and those who might be charged with disloyalty to God took refuge in the consciousness of unflinching loyalty to Morals. "In England," writes Nietzsche, "every man who indulges in any trifling emancipation from theology must retrieve his honor in the most terrifying manner by becoming a moral fanatic."

Nietzsche gloried in being free from the reproach he cast upon English philosophers. His aim was nothing less than to shake the firmest thing in the world. "I went down into the deepest depths; I tunnelled to the very bottom; I started to investigate and unearth an old *faith* which for thousands of years we philosophers used to build on as the safest of all foundations —which we built on again and again although every previous structure fell in: I began to undermine our faith in morals." A thrill of horror runs through the innocent reader as he comes to these words. Did Nietzsche then propose robbery, murder, adultery, and all the other sins in the decalogue? Did he carry his immoralism into practice? If so, how did he keep out of prison? And suppose one yielded to the horrible fascination of his pen, how is one to set about this "immoral" life with success?

Disappointment awaits our naïve reader. Like Shaw, like Anatole France—two other famed "immoralists" of our day—Nietzsche was a model citizen, a gentle, affectionate creature who could not hurt a fly. The sight of wounds and bloodshed made

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him physically ill. Where then was his terribleness? What was his unparalleled wrathfulness stirred about? It was all about motives, about remote, very remote ideals. It was about the goal of humanity, and the spirit in which we should act.

One thought one had at last a real philosophy of being wicked. One reads: "I should not of course deny—unless I were a fool —that many actions which are called immoral should be avoided and resisted; and in the same way that many which are called moral should be performed and encouraged; but I hold that in both cases these actions should be performed from motives other than those which have prevailed up to the present time. We must learn anew in order that at last, perhaps very late, we may be able to do something more: feel anew."

It is characteristic of much aimless, endless commentary upon philosophers to assume that the first step in the evolution of a philosophic system is a stroke of pure intellect. The philosopher's mind is supposed to have soared in an empyrean of pure thought whence it descended to earth with the new truth. This having been elaborated became a system of philosophy. In reality all philosophies, as William James has so variously pointed out, are but the deliberately adopted reactions of human characters upon the universe. The "universe," however, is a large affair. Very often that which is reacted upon is a very small fragment indeed of the universe. Especially is this true in the case of philosophers with an excess of poetic temperament. The roots of a philosophy may be buried in a love affair. The government under which he lives may bulk inordinately large in the philosopher's vision. Nietzsche's philosophy is a reaction upon the Jews. The Jews are essential to it. Without the Jews there could have been no Nietzsche.

The one outstanding fact in Nietzsche's writings is the fury with which he lets drive at the things he does not like. He is always personal. He "calls names" with absolute abandon. When he wishes to attack Christian morality he lashes the Christians, especially the early Christians, and the most deadly bolt he chooses for hurling at them is just the name "Jews."

The Jews have played many a fantastic rôle in popular legend, in theology, in the ravings of sociologists, but never one more

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fantastic than that which they play in Nietzsche's thinking. If we examine his ideas concerning the Jews we shall find an epitome of his entire philosophy. One meets there all his most characteristic ideas, excepting one or two grotesque conceptions like that of eternal recurrence. In what he wrote of the Jews we may note the virtues that he commends and the traits that are damnable in his eyes. One sees the strains and warpings of his temperament. One catches a glimpse of the heart as well as of the mind of the man.

In undertaking to upset the system of moral valuations prevailing in the world about him, Nietzsche meant only to restore the natural system that had been, as he maintained, falsified by the Jews. It was they who were guilty of the "slave morality" that had all but conquered the world. "The Jews—a people 'born for slavery' as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say of them, 'the chosen people among the nations' as they themselves say and believe—the Jews performed the miracle of the inversion of valuations by means of which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millenniums. Their prophets fused into one the expressions 'rich,' 'godless,' 'wicked,' 'violent,' 'sensual,' and for the first time coined the word 'world' as a term of reproach. In this inversion of valuations (in which is also included the use of the word 'poor' as synonymous with 'saint' and 'friend') the significance of the Jewish people is to be found; it is with *them* that the *slave insurrection in morals* commences."

An insurrection against whom? Who represented the "natural," the aristocratic system that the insurrection of the Jews aimed to overthrow? Nietzsche's answer is, the Romans; of whom he goes on to say: "A nation stronger and more aristocratic has never existed in the world, has never even been dreamed of." This is the well-known conflict between the Græco-Roman and Hebrew spirits often referred to in the terms of Heine and Matthew Arnold as the conflict between Hebraism and Hellenism. "Which of them has been provisionally victorious, Rome or Judea?" continues Nietzsche. "But there is not a shadow of a doubt; just consider to whom in Rome itself nowadays you bow down, as though before the quintessence of all the highest

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values—and not only in Rome but almost over half the world, everywhere where man has been tamed or is about to be tamed—to *three Jews,* as we know, and *one Jewess* (to Jesus of Nazareth, to Peter the fisher, to Paul the tent-maker and to the mother of the aforesaid Jesus, named Mary). This is very remarkable; Rome is undoubtedly defeated."

Judea defeated Rome in the guise of Christianity. But the morals of Christianity are substantially the morals of Judaism. "Christianity," Nietzsche insists, "is *not* a counter-movement against the Jewish instinct; it is the rational outcome of the latter, one step further in its appalling logic." And now having identified Christians with Jews, Nietzsche proceeds to wield the weapon he has forged against the dominant religion of Europe. It is sufficient to damn the first Christians that they were Jews. "We should be as little inclined to hobnob with the first Christians as with Polish Jews." "The Christian is nothing more than an anarchical Jew." "The gospels stand alone. The first thing to be remembered if we do not wish to lose the scent here is, that we are among Jews." "With Christianity the art of telling holy lies which constitutes the whole of Judaism, reaches its final mastership, thanks to many centuries of Jewish and most thoroughly serious training and practice." "The Christian, this *ultima ratio* of falsehood, is the Jew over again—he is even three times a Jew." And so on with many variations on the one tune: Christians are Jews—and what more need be said?

The conquest of the world (that is, of Europe) by Christianity is indisputable. In a certain, definite sense it was a Jewish conquest, in the sense that the initial impulse was imparted to the movement by Jews. Their activity ceased, however, in the first couple of centuries. To call the Christian conquest after that, Jewish, would be as accurate as to ascribe the Greek conquest of the ancient world by Alexander to his father. Observe, though, the "terrifying logic" with which Nietzsche pursues his quarry. An indirect, vicarious conquest is not sufficient for his purpose. He must prove a planned and purposeful capture. The Jewish strategy discovered by Nietzsche is one of the most ingenious conceptions ever devised by the mind of man.

Having long nursed the resentment of a weak and despised

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people against the strong, the noble and aristocratic nations of the world, the Jews at length conceived this most subtle plot for satisfying their thirst for vengeance. The essence of the plot was to make those virtues in which they excelled—in which every servile people must perforce excel to live at all—the virtues of gentleness, humility, pity, love, be adopted by the strong and aristocratic as *their* virtues. They put up their Redeemer, who was the personification of all those slave virtues which they wished to prevail, in the sight of the world. But he posed as Israel's adversary and destroyer. Him they martyred and repudiated before the world, and the world was drawn, seduced, intoxicated by " the awful paradox of a god on the cross," by " that mystery of the unthinkable, supreme, and utter horror of the self-crucifixion of a god for the salvation of man." *Sub hoc signo* the Jews triumphed. They, personally, as it were, underwent a species of self-annihilation in order that this seed of theirs, this spiritual child might be pushed forward and live. They, as a nation, had apparently been destroyed, but they had tricked the world into swallowing unawares their moral valuations, and so was the conquest of the world made possible to them. This theory exhibits such perfect independence of the world of realities that the sanity of the mind that formulated it might well have seemed doubtful.

Nietzsche is confronted with two sorts of Jews—those that became Christians and those that remained Jews. He strongly prefers the latter. The early Christians were anarchical, hated authority, believed all men were equal, and were humble to the point of self-annihilation. The Jews who remained Jews believed in an organization, in law, in discipline, in an order of ranks. For similar reasons, it may be remarked incidentally, Nietzsche preferred Catholicism to Protestantism. " This Jewish and not merely Jewish slobbering and clawing importunacy towards God " in the New Testament was intolerable to him. " The Old Testament—yes, that is something quite different, all honor to the Old Testament! I find therein great men, an heroic landscape, and one of the rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naïveté of the strong heart; further still I find a people. In the New, on the contrary, just a hostel of petty sects,

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pure rococo of soul-twisting angles and fancy touches, nothing but conventicle air, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic sweetness which appertains to the epoch (and the Roman province) and is less Jewish than Hellenistic. Meekness and braggadocio cheek by jowl."

Nietzsche had read Emerson appreciatively. One well-known maxim of the American's he severely followed. With consistency he had nothing to do. Although "Jew" has been for him a word embracing all the most despicable traits, that does not prevent him from finding in the Jews, when he feels the need of doing so, the very virtues of his superman. One trait in particular of the ancient Jewish God stirred Nietzsche to admiration. It was a trait that he himself possessed superabundantly. This was the capacity for anger. "The Jews again," he writes, "took a different view of anger from that held by us, and sanctified it: hence they have placed the sombre majesty of the wrathful man at an elevation so high that a European cannot conceive it. They moulded their wrathful and holy Jehovah after the images of their wrathful and holy prophets. Compared with them, all the Europeans who have exhibited the greatest wrath are, so to speak, only second-hand creatures." The evangelists, poor men, had not this prophetic power of wrathfulness! "Impudent rabble! They dare to compare themselves to the prophets!"

The remarks of the noble Tacitus concerning "a people born for slavery" are forgotten when it is desirable to elevate the grand qualities of the Old Testament Jews in contrast with the weaknesses of the New Testament Jewish Christians. Again Nietzsche throws consistency to the winds when he asks what Europe owes to the Jews, and replies: "One thing of the nature both of the best and the worst, the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations."

The historical, including the contemporaneous, Jewish race is conceived by Nietzsche as a sort of collective superman. The race has the superman's characteristic par excellence, the will to live. The Jews display "the most tenacious national will to live that has ever existed on earth." Tenacity, boldness, adaptability, with more than a touch of what would usually be called unscrupu-

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lousness and the art of dissimulation—these are superman qualities. Still there is something lacking, but fortunately that which is lacking to the Jews exists elsewhere, among the East Prussian military officers. A happy eugenic idea comes to Nietzsche! Why not grow a really perfect superman, a new ruling caste by crossing select specimens of the Jewish race with East Prussian military officers? An experiment of a similar character, he explains, has been going on to some extent in England. Such a crossing would produce a combination of the "genius for money and patience" with "the hereditary art of commanding and obeying." The superman would be complete!

Even as they are, Nietzsche imagines, the Jews may some day rule Europe. They could, in fact, "now have the ascendency, nay, literally the supremacy over Europe, although they certainly are not working and planning for that." The decision of their fate must come in the twentieth century—it used to be the fashion in the later years of the nineteenth century to refer all difficult consummations to the twentieth. In the twentieth century, the Jews must either become masters of Europe or lose Europe "as they once centuries ago lost Egypt, where they were confronted with similar alternatives." They themselves know that the conquest of Europe—not in the shadowy sense in which we have seen that they have conquered it—or any act of violence is not to be thought of; but they also know that some day or other "Europe may, like a ripe fruit, fall into their hands, if they do not clutch at it too eagerly." This is all admirable from Nietzsche's point of view. All indications of the "will to power" are admirable.

Close to the "will to power" in Nietzsche's rearrangement of the cardinal virtues is discipline, and especially discipline through suffering. Here again the Jewish race is unquestionably supreme; for what other race has been so much passed through the fires of suffering? And for this Nietzsche predicts for them "a glorious flowering of intellectual men and of works." His habitual rancorous tone is strangely lost while he dwells upon this topic. He drops his anathemas and rises to lyric praise. "On that day when Israel shall have changed its eternal vengeance into an eternal benediction for Europe; then that seventh

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day will once more appear when old Jehovah may rejoice in Himself, in His creation, in His Chosen people—and all, all of us will rejoice with Him!"

Have the surviving Jews delegated all their servile morality to their Christian heirs? How else could they be possessed of the prime superman virtues previously ascribed to them—the indomitable "will to power" and the fire-disciplined spirit? The recurrence of the theory of vengeance in the remarkable passage just quoted precludes such a harmonizing hypothesis. With consistency our dreamer simply had no concern!

Christian asceticism comes in for a most thorough castigation at Nietzsche's hands, yet temperance is one of his major virtues. He was himself an ascetic in the ordinary loose sense of the word, living frugally and soberly. "What a blessing a Jew is among Germans!" he exclaims, speaking of temperance. His compatriots, on the other hand, receive this fraternal compliment: "See the obtuseness, the flaxen head, the blue eye and the lack of intellect in the face, the language and the bearing; the lazy habit of stretching the limbs, and the need of repose among Germans —a need which is not the result of overwork, but of the disgusting excitation and over-excitation caused by alcohol."

Nietzsche had never met a German who was favorably inclined toward the Jews. Although he admitted the reasonableness of German objection to more Jews in the empire, something chivalrous in his disposition revolted from the "distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment." Again there was an odd timidity, the suggestion of a morbid "phobia" in his attitude towards the anti-Semites. He opposed the marriage of his sister to Foerster, one of the leaders of the anti-Semitic party, for the very peculiar reason that the Jews would revenge themselves upon him by maintaining a conspiracy of silence concerning his books, a silence that would be disastrous, since the Jews controlled the press of Germany! Some of his most influential propagandists were in fact Jews—notably, George Brandes, Leo Berg and Maximilian Harden. Two of his most intimate friends at one period were Jews, Dr. Reé and Miss Salome; the one recognized for a time as a kindred spirit; the other, a promising disciple who later wrote a book about the master. This was the

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Miss Salome whose moral principles revolted Nietzsche's conservative instincts and whose conduct he feared would create a false impression of his philosophy. Strong hints there are that Nietzsche's interest in this Russian Jewess was more than Platonic.

Nietzsche produces his most startling effects by defying and deriding morals. Yet though he dubs himself "immoralist," it is merely paradox. He was one of the most moral men that ever lived. Although he makes a distinction between "morals" and "virtues," his own virtues were all moral ones. Most conspicuous among them perhaps was veracity. Curiously he credited that spirit of veracity which in his own person was rending Christianity to Christianity itself. Another of his virtues was purity. The instinct for something perfect, it has been said, was a ruling impulse in Nietzsche. Reverence was another strong trait. Because the mob has no reverence, he was opposed to democracy. Every member of the mob regards himself as the equal of every other member; they have done with authority. Hence, Nietzsche was an aristocrat. The virtue that he most wrote about was courage, the will to "live dangerously," to carry life to new and superhuman heights, scorning security, happiness and comfort. If he seems to deprecate love, it is the love of the "nearest" he means, which may interfere with love of the remote, the ideal, the goal of humanity. If he scorns pity, it is because pity weakens, dissolves, unfits for action. How far Nietzsche really was from being an "immoralist" in any practical sense is surprisingly revealed in that letter to Miss Salome, which his sister reproduces, wherein he scolds the young woman for her unconventional tendencies.

Never was the impress of a man's intimate character more clearly visible in his philosophy than was Nietzsche's. Yet to dispose of him with the one word "insane," as many have tried to do, is impossible. A number of unquestionably sane men have accepted his teachings. Moreover, an idea has to be *proved* insane. It is instructive to note that the inventor of the superman, the advocate of master-morality for the few, was extremely near-sighted from boyhood, that owing to his poor vision he met with an accident while riding a horse that left its mark upon him

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through life, that during nearly his whole productive period he was a hypochondriac dosing himself for ills real and imaginary, that he was addicted to the use of drugs like chloral and finally succumbed to mental paralysis.

These are facts of a physiological character the influence of which upon a man's philosophy it would have been very hard to predict. More closely related to his system of ideas and his literary production is the fact of the Jewish obsession that dominated his mind. No one will overlook the historical connection between this and the Lutheran pastor's home in which Nietzsche was brought up, the background of clerical uncles, the ecclesiastically inspired Pforta school where he received his preparatory education, his early destination for the ministry and the extreme decorum and piety for which he was noted as a boy. The Bible, the book of the Jews, was the most compelling influence in that intense young life. It became part of his mental and moral tissue. His efforts, under the influence of Schopenhauer and Wagner, to cast it out were futile. He had not the strength. The result was division and hopeless inconsistency. An enlarged ego possessed from childhood played its part here too. He proposed to overcome what had been *to him* the greatest thing in the world, the ethics of the Bible, the belief in the unique significance of the people of Israel. This was to be a great self-overcoming as well, and the victor Nietzsche was to be the inaugurator of a new era. History was to date from him as it had previously dated from the beginning of that tremendous thing in himself that he had overcome. In the end it never happened. Despite his ferocious onslaughts upon his rejected self, self-lacerations in reality, despite his uncanny maledictions upon the object of his youthful piety, it was possible for his sister to write truthfully in her biography of him: "This transvaluer of all values himself fulfilled all the loftiest and most subtle demands made by the morality now preached among us." And an ardent disciple, the editor of the English edition, could utter the very significant half-truth: "If there ever was a true son of the Semitic idea, a noble defender of that ancient faith and its Christian supplement, it was Friedrich Nietzsche. If there ever was a true Christian, it was he."

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THE TRUTH ABOUT PAINTING

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

THROUGHOUT the entire history of the fine arts, no period of æsthetic innovation and endeavor has suffered from public malignity, ridicule and ignorance as has painting during the last century. The reasons for this are many and, to the serious student of art history, obvious. The change between the old and the new order came swiftly and precipitously, like a cataclysm in the serenity of a summer night. The classic painters of the first half of the nineteenth century, such as David, Ingres, Gros and Gérard, were busy with their rehabilitation of ancient traditions, when without warning, save for the pale heresies of Constable, a new and rigorous régime was ushered in. It was Turner, Delacroix, Courbet and Daumier who entered the sacred temple, tore down the pillars which had supported it for centuries, and brought the entire structure of established values crashing down about them. They survived the *débâcle,* and when eventually they laid aside their brushes for all time it was with the unassailable knowledge that they had accomplished the greatest and most significant metamorphosis in the history of any art.

But even these hardy anarchists of the new order little dreamed of the extremes to which their heresies would lead. So precipitous and complex has been the evolution of modern painting that few of the most revolutionary moderns have succeeded in keeping mental step with its developments and divagations. During the past few years new modes and manners in art have sprung up with fungus-like rapidity. "Movements" and "schools" have followed one another with astounding pertinacity, each claiming that finality of expression which is the aim of all seekers for truth. And, with but few exceptions, the men who have instigated these innovations have been animated by a serious purpose—that of mastering the problem of æsthetic organization and of circumscribing the one means for obtaining ultimate and indestructible results. But the problems of art, like those of life itself, are in the main unsolvable, and art must ever

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be an infinite search for the intractable. Form in painting, like the eternal readjustments and equilibria of life, is but an approximation to stability. The forces in all art are the forces of life, coördinated and organized. No plastic form can exist without rhythm: not rhythm in the superficial harmonic sense, but the rhythm which underlies the great fluctuating and equalizing forces of material existence. Such rhythm is symmetry in movement. On it all form, both in art and life, is founded.

Form in its artistic sense has four interpretations. First, it exhibits itself as shallow imitation of the surface aspects of nature, as in the work of such men as Sargent, Sorolla and Simon. Secondly, it contains qualities of solidity and competent construction such as are found in the paintings of Velazquez, Hogarth and Degas. Thirdly, it is a consummate portrayal of objects into which arbitrary arrangement has been introduced for the accentuation of volume. Raphael, Poussin and Goya exemplify this expression of it. Last, form reveals itself, not as an objective thing, but as an abstract phenomenon capable of giving the sensation of palpability. All great art falls under this final interpretation. But form, to express itself æsthetically, must be composed; and here we touch the controlling basis of all art:—organization. Organization is the use put to form for the production of rhythm. The first step in this process is the construction of line, line being the direction taken by one or more forms. In purely decorative rhythm the lines flow harmoniously from side to side and from top to bottom on a given surface. In the greatest art the lines are bent forward and backward as well as laterally so that, by their orientation in depth, an impression of profundity is added to that of height and breadth. Thus the simple image of decoration is destroyed, and a microcosmos is created in its place. Rhythm then becomes the inevitable adjustment of approaching and receding lines, so that they will reproduce the placements and displacements to be found in the human body when in motion.

To understand, and hence fully to appreciate, a painting, we must be able to recognize its inherent qualities by the process of intellectual reasoning. By this is not implied mechanical or scientific observation. Were this necessary, art would resolve itself

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into a provable theory and would produce in us only such mental pleasure as we feel before a perfect piece of intricate machinery. But once we comprehend those constitutional qualities which pervade all great works of art, plastic and graphic, the sensuous emotion will follow so rapidly as to give the effect of spontaneity. This process of conscious observation in time becomes automatic and exerts itself on every work of art we inspect. Once adjusted to an assimilation of the rhythmic compositions of El Greco and Rubens, we have become susceptible to the tactile sensation of form in all painting. And this subjective emotion is keener than the superficial sensation aroused by the prettiness of design, the narrative of subject-matter, or the quasi-realities of transcription. More and more as we proximate to a true understanding of the principles of art, shall we react to those deeper and larger qualities in a painting which are not to be found in its documentary and technical side. Also our concern with the transient sentiments engendered by a picture's external aspects will become less and less significant. Technique, dramatic feeling, subject, and even accuracy of drawing, will be relegated to the subsidiary and comparatively unimportant position they hold in relation to a painting's *æsthetic purpose*.

The lack of comprehension—and consequently the ridicule—which has met the efforts of modern painters, is attributable not alone to a misunderstanding of their seemingly extravagant and eccentric mannerisms, but also to an ignorance of the basic postulates of all great art both ancient and modern. Proof of this is afforded by the constant statements of preference for the least effectual of older painters over the greatest of the moderns. These preferences, if they are symptomatic of aught save the mere habit of a mind immersed in tradition, indicate an immaturity of artistic judgment which places prettiness above beauty, and sentimentality and documentary interest above subjectivity of emotion. The fallacies of such judgment can best be indicated by a parallel consideration of painters widely separated as to merit, but in whom these different qualities are found. For instance, the prettiness of Reynolds, Greuze and Murillo is as marked as the prettiness of Titian, Giorgione and Renoir. The latter are by far the greater artists; yet, had we no other critical

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standard save that of charm, the difference between them and the others would be indistinguishable. Zuloaga, Whistler, Botticelli and Böcklin are as inspirational of sentiment as Tintoretto, Corot, Raphael and Poussin; but by no authentic criterion are they as great painters. Again, were drama and simple narrative æsthetic considerations, Regnault, Brangwyn, and Antonino Molineri would rank with Valerio Castello, Rubens and Ribera.

In one's failure to distinguish between the apparent and the organic purposes of art lies the greatest obstacle to an appreciation of what has come to be called modern painting. The truths of modern art are no different from those of ancient art. A Cézanne landscape is not dissimilar in aim to an El Greco. The one is merely more advanced as to methods than the other. Nor do the canvases of the most ultra-modern schools strive toward an æsthetic manifestation radically unlike that aspired to in Michelangelo's *Slaves*. Serious modern art, despite its often formidable and bizarre appearance, is only a striving to rehabilitate the natural and unalterable principles of rhythmic form to be found in the old masters, and to translate them into relative and more comprehensive terms. We have the same animating ideal in the pictures of Giotto and Matisse, Rembrandt and Renoir, Botticelli and Gauguin, Watteau and Picasso, Poussin and Friesz, Raphael and Severini. The later men differ from their antecedents in that they apply new and more vital methods to their work. Modern art is the logical and natural outgrowth of ancient art; it is the art of yesterday heightened and intensified as the result of systematic and painstaking experimentation in the media of expression.

The search for composition—that is, for perfectly poised form in three dimensions—has been the impelling dictate of all great art. Giotto, El Greco, Masaccio, Tintoretto and Rubens, the greatest of all the old painters, strove continually to attain form as an abstract emotional force. With them the organization of volumes came first. The picture was composed as to line. Out of this grew the subject-matter—a demonstration *a posteriori*. The human figure and the recognizable natural object were only auxiliaries, never the sought-for result. In all this they were inherently modern, as that word should be understood; for

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the new conception of art strives more and more for the emotion rather than the appearance of reality. The objects, whether arbitrary or photographic, which an artist uses in a picture are only the material through which plastic form finds expression. They are the means, not the end. If in the works of truly significant art there is a dramatic, narrative or illustrative interest, it will be found to be the incidental and not the important concomitant of the picture.

Therefore it is not remarkable that, with the introduction of new methods, the illustrative side of painting should tend toward minimization. The elimination of all the superfluities from art is but a part of the striving toward defecation. Since the true test of painting lies in its subjective power, modern artists have sought to divorce their work from all considerations other than those directly allied to its primary function. This process of separation advanced hand in hand with the evolution of new methods. First it took the form of the distortion of natural objects. The accidental shape of trees, hills, houses and even human figures was altered in order to draw them into the exact form demanded by the picture's composition. Gradually, by the constant practice of this falsification, objects became almost unrecognizable. In the end the illustrative obstacle was entirely done away with. This was the logical outcome of the sterilizing modern process. To judge a picture competently, one must not consider it as a mere depiction of life or as an anecdote: one must bring to it an intelligence capable of grasping a complicated counterpoint. The attitude of even such men as Celesti, Zanchi, Padovanino and Bononi is never that of an illustrator, in no matter how sublimated a sense, but of a composer whose aim is to create a polymorphic conception with the recognizable materials at hand.

Were art to be judged from the pictorial and realistic viewpoint we might find many meticulous craftsmen of as high an objective efficiency as were the men who stood at the apex of genuine artistic worth—that is, craftsmen who arrived at as close and exact a transcription of nature, who interpreted current moods and mental aspects as accurately, and who set forth superficial emotions as dramatically. Velazquez's *Philip IV,* Titian's

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Emperor Charles V, Holbein's *The Ambassadors,* Guardi's *The Grand Canal—Venice,* Mantegna's *The Dead Christ* and Dürer's *Four Naked Women* reproduce their subjects with as much painstaking exactitude as do El Greco's *Resurrection of Christ,* Giotto's *Descent from the Cross,* Masaccio's *Saint Peter Baptising the Pagans,* Tintoretto's *The Miracle of Saint Mark,* Michelangelo's *Creation of the Sun and Moon,* and Rubens's *The Earl and Countess of Arundel.* But these latter pictures are important for other than pictorial reasons. Primarily they are organizations, and as such they are of æsthetic value. Only secondarily are they to be appraised as representations of natural objects. In the pictures of the former list there is no synthetic coördination of tactile forms. Such paintings represent merely "subject-matter" treated capably and effectively. As sheer painting from the artisan's standpoint they are among the finest examples of technical dexterity in art history. But as contributions to the development of a pure art form they are valueless.

In stating that the moderns have changed the quality and not the nature of art, there is no implication that in many instances the great men of the past, even with limited means, have not surpassed in artistic achievement the men of to-day who have at hand more extensive means. Great organizers of plastic form have, because of their tremendous power, done with small means more masterly work than lesser men with large means. For instance, Goya as an artist surpasses Manet, and Rembrandt transcends Daumier. This principle holds true in all the arts. Balzac, ignorant of modern literary methods, is greater than George Moore, a master of modern means. And Beethoven still remains the colossal figure in music, despite the vastly increased modern scope of Richard Strauss's methods. Methods are useless without the creative will. But granting this point (which unconsciously is the stumbling block of nearly all modern art critics), new and fuller means, even in the hands of inferior men, are not the proper subject for ridicule.

It must not be forgotten that the division between old and modern art is not an equal one. Modern art began with Delacroix less than a hundred years ago, while art up to that time had many centuries in which to perfect the possibilities of its re-

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sources. The new methods are so young that painters have not had time to acquire that mastery of material without which the highest achievement is impossible. Even in the most praiseworthy modern art we are conscious of that intellectual striving in the handling of new tools which is the appanage of immaturity. Renoir, the greatest exponent of Impressionistic means, found his artistic stride only in his old age, after a long and arduous life of study and experimenting. His canvases since 1905 are the first in which we feel the fluency and power which come only after a slow and sedulous process of osmosis. Compare, for instance, his early and popular *Le Moulin de la Galette* with his later portraits, such as *Madame T. et Son Fils* and *Le Petit Peintre,* and his growth is at once apparent.

The evolution of means is answerable to the same laws as the *progressus* in any other line of human endeavor. The greatest artists are always culminations of long lines of experimentations. In this they are eclectic. The organization of observation is in itself too absorbing a labor to permit of a free exercise of the will to power. The blinding burst of genius at the time of the Renaissance was the breaking forth of the accrued power of generations. Modern art, having no tradition of means, has sapped and dispersed the vitality of its exponents by imposing upon them the necessity for empirical research. It is for this reason that we have no men in modern art who approximate as closely to perfection as did many of the older painters. But had Rubens, with his colossal vision, had access to modern methods his work would have been more powerful in its intensity and more far-reaching in its scope.

However, in the brief period of modern art two decided epochs have been brought to a close through this accumulation and eruption of experimental activities in individuals. Renoir brought to a focus the divergent rays of his predecessors, and terminated that cycle of experimentation and research which started with Delacroix, Turner, Constable, Daumier and Courbet, was carried forward by Manet, developed into Impressionism by Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and Guillaumin, and was later turned into scientific channels by the Neo-Impressionists, Signac, Seurat and Cross. Renoir rejected the fallacies of these earlier

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men and made use of their vital discoveries, coördinating and rationalizing them, and welding them into definite artistic achievements. The second modern cycle began with Cézanne. Into his canvases he incorporated the aspirations and accomplishments of the first cycle, and applied the new methods to the expression of the rhythmic laws of composition and organization which had been established by the old masters. He was, as he himself said, the " primitive " of this new epoch. Henri-Matisse, the Cubists and the Futurists in turn advanced on Cézanne's procedure, carrying his impetus nearer and nearer abstract purity. And a more recent art school, Synchromism, by making use of the achievements of Cézanne, Cubism and Michelangelo, and by adding to them new discoveries in the dynamics of color, has opened up a new vista of possibilities in the expressing of æsthetic form. In this last school was completed the second modern cycle. Once these new modes, which are indicative of modern art, become understood and pass into the common property of the younger men, we shall have achievement which will be as complete as the masterpieces of old, and which will, in addition, be more poignant.

Although the methods of the older painters were more restricted than those of the moderns, the actual materials at their disposal were fully as extended as ours of to-day. But knowledge concerning them was incomplete. As a consequence, all artists antecedent to Delacroix found expression only in those qualities which are susceptible to reproduction in black and white. In many cases the sacrifice of color enhances the intrinsic merit of such reproductions, for often the characteristics of the different colors oppose the purposes of a picture's planes. To-day we know that certain colors are opaque, others transparent; some approach the eye, others recede. But the ancients were ignorant of these things, and their canvases contained many contradictions: there was a continuous warring between linear composition and color values. They painted solids violet, and transpicuous planes yellow—thereby unconsciously defeating their own ends, for violet is limpid, and yellow tangible. In one-tone reproductions such inconsistencies are eliminated, and the signification of the picture thereby clarified. It was Rubens who embodied the de-

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fined attributes of ancient art in their highest degree of pliability, and who carried the impulse toward creation to a point of complexity unattained by any other of the older men. In him we see the culmination of the evolution of linear development of light and dark. From his time to the accession of the moderns the ability to organize was on the decrease. There was a weakening of perception, a decline of the æsthetic faculty. The chaotic condition of this period was like the darkness which always broods over the world before some cleansing force sweeps it clean and ushers in a new and greater cycle.

The period of advancement of these old methods extends from prehistoric times to the beginning of the nineteenth century. On the walls of the caverns in Altamira and the Dordogne are drawings of mammoths, horses and bison in which, despite the absence of details, the actual approach to nature is at times more sure and masterly than in the paintings of such highly cultured men as Botticelli and Pisanello. The action in some of them is pronounced; and the vision, while simple, is that of men conscious of a need for compactness and balance. Here the art is simply one of outline, heavy and prominent at times, light and almost indistinguishable at others; but this grading of line was the result of a deeper cause than a tool slipping or refusing to mark. It was the consequence of a need for rhythm which could be obtained only by the accentuation of parts. The drawings were generally single figures, and rarely were more than two conceived as an inseparable design. Later, the early primitives used symmetrical groupings for the same purpose of interior decorating. Then came simple balance, the shifting and disguise of symmetry, and with it a nearer approach to the *imprévu* of nature. This style was employed for many generations until the great step was taken which brought about the Renaissance. The sequential aspect of line appeared, permitting of rhythm and demanding organization. Cimabue and Giotto were the most prominent exponents of this advance. From that time forward the emotion derived from actual form was looked upon by artists as a necessary adjunct to a picture. With this attitude came the aristocracy of vision and the abrogation of painting as mere exalted craftsmanship.

After that the evolution of art was rapid. In the contempla-

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tion of solidly and justly painted figures the artist began to extend his mind into space and to use rhythm of line that he might express himself in depth as well as surfacely. Thus he preconized organization in three dimensions, and by so doing opened the door on an infinity of æsthetic ramifications. From the beginning, tone balance—that is, the agreeable distribution of blacks, whites and greys—had gone forward with the development of line, so that with the advent of depth in painting the arrangement of tones became the medium through which all the other qualities were made manifest.

In the strict sense, the art of painting up to a hundred years ago had been only drawing. Color was used only for ornamental or dramatic purposes. After the first simple copying of nature's tints in a wholly restricted manner, the use of color advanced but little. It progressed toward harmony, but its dramatic possibilities were only dimly felt. Consequently its primitive employment for the enhancement of the decorative side of painting was adhered to. This was not because the older painters were without the necessary pigments. Their colors in many instances were brighter and more permanent than ours. But they were satisfied with the effects obtained from black-and-white expression. They looked upon color as a delicacy, an accessory, something to be taken as the gourmet takes dessert. Its true significance was thus obscured beneath the artists' complacency. As great an artist as Giorgione considered it from the conventional viewpoint, and never attempted to deviate toward its profounder meanings. The old masters filled their canvases with shadows and light without suspecting that light itself is simply another name for color.

The history of modern art is broadly the history of the development of form by the means of color—that is to say, modern art tends toward the purification of painting. Color is capable of producing all the effects possible to black and white, and in addition of exciting an emotion more acute. It was only with the advent of Delacroix, the first great modern, that the dramatic qualities of color were intelligently sensed. But even with him the conception was so slight that the effects he attained were but meagrely effective. After Delacroix further experiments in color

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led to the realistic translation of certain phases of nature. The old static system of copying trees in green, shadows in black and skies in blue did not, as was commonly believed, produce realism. While superficially nature appeared in the colors indicated, a close observation later revealed the fact that a green tree in any light comprises a diversity of colors, that all sunlit skies have a residue of yellow, and hence that shadows are violet rather than black. This newly unearthed realism of light became the battle cry of the younger men in the late decades of the nineteenth century, and reached parturition in the movement erroneously called Impressionism, a word philologically opposed to the thing it wished to elucidate. The ancients had painted landscape as it appeared broadly at a first glance. The Impressionists, being interested in nature as a manifestation in which light plays the all-important part, transferred it bodily onto canvas from that point of view.

Cézanne, looking into their habits more coolly, saw their restrictions. While achieving all their atmospheric aims, he went deeper into the mechanics of color, and with this knowledge achieved form as well as light. This was another step forward in the development of modern methods. With him color began to near its true and ultimate significance as a functioning element. Later, with the aid of the scientists, Chevreul, Superville, Helmholtz and Rood, other artists made various departures into the field of color, but their enterprises were failures. Then came Matisse, who made improvements on the harmonic side of color. But because he ignored the profounder lessons of Cézanne he succeeded only in the fabrication of a highly organized decorative art. Not until the advent of the Synchromists, whose first public exhibition took place in Munich in 1913, were any further crucial advances made. These artists completed Cézanne in that they rationalized his dimly foreshadowed precepts.

To understand the basic significance of painting it is necessary to revise our method of judgment. As yet no æsthetician has recorded a *rationale* for art valuation. Taine put forth many illuminating suggestions regarding the fundamentals of form, but the critics have paid scant heed. Prejudice, personal taste, metaphysics and even the predilections of sentiment, still govern the

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world's judgments and appreciations. We are slaves to accuracy of delineation, to prettiness of design, to the whole suite of material considerations which are deputies to the organic and intellectual qualities of a work of art. It is the common thing to find criticisms—even from the highest sources—which praise or condemn a picture according to the nearness of its approach to the reality of its subject. Such observations are confusing and irrelevant. Were realism the object of art, painting would always be infinitely inferior to life—a mere simulacrum of our daily existence, ever inadequate in its illusion. The moment we attach other than purely æsthetic values to paintings—either ancient or modern—we are confronted by so extensive and differentiated a set of tests that chaos or error is unavoidable. In the end we shall find that our conclusions have their premises, not in the work of art itself, but in personal and extraneous considerations. A picture to be a great work of art need not contain any recognizable objects. Provided it gives the sensation of rhythmically balanced form in three dimensions, it will have accomplished all that the greatest masters of art have ever striven for.

Once we divest ourselves of traditional integuments, modern painting will straightway lose its mystery. Despite the many charlatans who clothe their aberrations with its name, it is a sincere reaching forth of the creative will to find a medium by which the highest emotions may most perfectly be expressed. We have become too complex to enjoy the simple theatre any more. Our minds call for a more forceful emotion than the simple imitation of life can give. We require problems, inspirations, incentives to thought. The simple melody of many of the old masters can no longer interest us because of its very simplicity. As the complicated and organized forces of life become comprehensible to us, we shall demand more and more that our analytic intelligences be mirrored in our enjoyments.

[*Beginning with the next issue of The Forum, Mr. Wright will contribute to this magazine a regular monthly article of criticism and comment on the more important current activities in the field of art.—Editor.*]

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THE GARDEN OF GEDDES

HUNTLY CARTER

THERE never was a time, even when life was gloriously appointed to lift men to Parnassian heights, when the making of gracious gardens was thought so desirable. At least one great man has arisen to embody the thought, to demonstrate anew the magic of gardens: and wherever the precious work of garden-making is to be done, wherever towns and cities are asking to be once more beautiful settings for beautiful souls, this great garden-maker is there. Patrick Geddes is the master-gardener of modern social aspiration—the aspiration towards a civic renaissance.

The purpose of the great man is to annex the universe and remould it in his likeness; to test it in the crucible of his mind and to distil therefrom a solution of its mysteries. The rôle of Geddes is, let us say, to play a leading part in the re-making of the globe as the Paradise of an inspired gardener. He has everything for the beautiful consummation of his fairyland. To-day is auspicious for the beginning of a new world, founded upon the transplendent traditions of the old. The master-gardener of these two hemispheres gathers up and focusses in one comprehensive study the influences of the past and present which are to be the forces of to-morrow. He is a union of its oldest and newest. He unites ancient seeing and modern doing, prophetic vision and practical interpretation, Greek theory and Georgian experiment. He expresses the secret aspiration of the human will to enter into more fruitful relations with the universe. He is the interpreter of a renewed desire for a world that shall be a place of oracle and interpretation in one. To him the right function of the world is the manifestation of beauty and life.

II

The roots of every man's life are the early formative influences of place, people and work. Place, parents and occupation; these are his chief good or bad. From this we may infer that the most appropriate place for a creative gardener to be born in

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is Eden. In a more than metaphorical sense, we might say of the earliest home of Geddes that it was an Eden. What else is a garden opening on one side to the tender beauty of a lowland valley and on the other looking out upon the rugged grandeur of highland ranges—a garden in which a noble father, at once gardener and botanist, teaches, by example and precept, his child to enjoy and create beauty, to understand nature, to learn the delights of work and play under the open sky? This Eden was near Perth on the banks of the Tay, that "goddess river," as Ruskin calls it. Here, where nature lifted Ruskin and Scott to the heights of eloquent description; where "highland weds lowland"; where the grey walls of the old historic city cleave the stretching brown lowlands as with a sword, and bordering blue hills look down as upon a receptive soul set in the realm of romance, he first received the seal of the charm of locality and became spiritualized by its glory, his passion and dreams.

What was the message conveyed to him by this magical landscape? What, under the given conditions, would be the direction imparted to a child mind by feasts of nature impressions alternating with the disciplined life and work of the garden? Would it not be a forecasting of phases of his development? The mountains would lift his mind to thoughts of light and the ascent of Man. Upon their high crests—forming nature's Outlook Tower—in the long-drawn pageant of the clouds he would see the processional of the earth. From his high Watch Tower he would see the towers and spires of temples and palaces fretting the deepening violet, drifting and changing, changing and drifting, as cities have ever done across an evolutionary sea. To him indeed the treasures of the sky would visualize the facts of the earth; for what is the play of the wind and the clouds but a symbol of that eternal conflict—spiritual and temporal—man's struggle for existence? Down in the restful lowlands, too, would be the beginnings of perception and reflection; a mist of plant and flower-shapes to form his artistic taste for all that is attractive and beautiful in form and color. And in due course he would pass in turn from the study of form, color, structure and qualities, to the study of the cultivation of plants and flowers, thence in ever-widening circles to the study of gardens, to their

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larger uses, to their relation to and comparison with humanity, and thus arrive gradually at a conception of the Universe as one vast garden wherein he would see Life symbolized as a tree with its roots in the past, its branches and members in the present and its blossoming in the future. To him *arbor vitæ* would be emblematic of man's seeing and doing in the past, present, and possible. Thus from child nature-student Geddes passed to child gardener; and from a life-centred universe he unconsciously gathered the germs of a life-centred philosophy.

And so the founder of nature-study and the modern science of civics grew under the formative influences of glowing nature among the Highlands and Lowlands, the chief human instruction he received being the simple teaching and severe example of his parents. If he received systematic school teaching also, it was but to show him how to teach others to avoid it. In this way the seeds of his theory of education were sown in him, and he came instinctively to grasp the evils of our mechanical system of education, the limitations of grammarians and dry-as-dust pedants, and to recognize that it is not by this machinery and these millers that genius is made. Let us mark the advantages which a favorable parentage brought him. From his mother he derived the Covenanting ideals and moral qualities; from his soldier father, the Cavalier ideals and fighting qualities. As a boy, Geddes was brought up on the Bible, and it may be said that a good deal of his inspiration, like that of Ruskin, comes from the Old Testament. Along with the study of the Bible went that of nature. This balanced installation of his mind in the properties of life and spirit was wisely preserved throughout and was doubtless the most precious and essential part of his education. Hence he attained a secure ground for future activity; for it was revealed to him that only through nature can we ascend.

III

The construction of Professor Geddes' ideal universe, then, began at a very early period of his history. The whole process may be divided into seven stages. In the first decade we see him seeking to escape from the artificial to the natural order, to

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discover a renewed contact with nature, forming a conception of a universal garden in the midst of which shall be a tower whence man may watch the unfolding of the immense drama of life. In the second decade we watch him turn from organic to spiritual gardening, from the study of origins and sources to inquiry and experiment in the possibilities of culture. We may now regard him as fully equipped with the cosmic vision calling for the changed point of view and impelling his thoughts in the direction of widened study, travel and a systematic application of thought to detail. His mind was doubtless now holding seeds of a surprising new outlook demanding to be fertilized in any sort of theoretic light, and with the aid of curiosity, observation and invention. In short, by the opening of the second decade he had fully realized that his work was to be of an idealistic nature, and he was to seek and to reveal the relations and the principles of order and progress, of unity and beauty in place, people and work, answering to the three divisions of man and his environment and occupation.

On leaving school and the study of dry bones he was given the same freedom of choice as hitherto. His father, as though recognizing in him the true wandering Scots scholar with a thirst for knowledge in every field, full of courage, possessing a wonderful constitution, not without physical attractions, certainly by way of becoming the admirable Crichton of his day, and ready to dispute or fight with any man, invited him to choose his own career and teachers. But, though appreciating freedom, he did not overlook the utility of authority and decided that his son should have the best part of a year seeing something of the more serious side of life before finally releasing him to his own intentions. Accordingly Geddes served a year at a bank and during that period was disciplined in essential daily routine. His ideas now began to take definite shape and at the end of his commercial experience he determined to become a naturalist. By this time he had cultivated a love of reading and he naturally turned to the strenuous and strong intellectuals—Ruskin, Huxley, Darwin and the rest. In pursuit of his naturalistic bent he sought in turn text-book and laboratory. Being desirous of getting close to Darwin, his first step was to come to London. He was full of enthusiasm

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for his newly-discovered gods and "teachers," an enthusiasm which led him to select Chelsea as a temporary resting place. He found Chelsea exceedingly congenial, for there lived Thomas Carlyle, that typical idealist of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, and we may imagine him following Carlyle about with rapture in a land overflowing with hero-worshippings. Having discovered London and Carlyle, and being still in pursuit of Darwin, he naturally chose Huxley, as a teacher. The chase, as he confessed later, though not without drawbacks, had fruitful results, largely owing to the logical organization and acute intelligence of Geddes' mind. He was not long with Huxley before he discovered that he had placed himself under a necrologist. For of Huxley it has to be said that Life, in itself, was not his dominating thought, as it was with Darwin, who, as Geddes tells us, "was a plain field-naturalist, whose high originality and rare success depended not a little on his having successfully evaded his would-be systematic teachers at school and college alike." It is interesting to note how closely Geddes' way into science followed that of Darwin "as truant and field naturalist, as traveller and explorer, as dreamer and theory-maker."

Geddes, on Huxley's advice, occupied one of his vacations working through the development of the chick and on his own account added the reading of Spencer's *Principles of Biology*. On learning that he had been reading Spencer, Huxley reprimanded him, remarking that he ought to have dissected all the time. The effect of this was to set Geddes inquiring of himself, "Why should I not read Spencer?" and as a result he read Spencer again in order to find a reply. This led him to the discovery that Spencer's view of nature was wider and more humanistic than Huxley's or Darwin's. It was more conformable with what Geddes had learned from his gardening and his Ruskin. To Spencer the world appeared composed not only of competing but of coöperating factors; the male is the inevitable accompaniment of the female. His biology was in fact constructed on the generalization which says that the nutritive or self-regarding factor belongs to the male, and the reproductive or species-regarding factor belongs to the female. For this rea-

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son the reproductive female and the nutritive male are ever seeking to unite either in human or religious forms. Spencer not only gave the nineteenth century this law, but he traced it all through nature. The discovery of Spencer's law had a potent effect on Geddes. It led him to take up anew the whole question of reproduction and sex. The attempt to actualize his newly found riches first appeared in the great formative thesis first published in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and afterwards embodied in the famous work, *The Evolution of Sex,* written in conjunction with Professor J. Arthur Thomson. This international legacy has made more men rich than is dreamt of in twentieth century biology. It has created schools of thought in places as far apart as Vienna and Chicago. Its ideas have been winnowed wherever progressive science has become almost a religion. Its principles have been applied in psychology, sociology and philosophy. As to results: it is bringing back to religion the concentrating element of sex which in all the great religions of the past was the central factor of the whole religious system, so far as religion relates to man, to man and woman, to man and nature. Science is bringing back sex into religion and restoring the perfect balance of that high ideal of human beings—the balance of the Divine Man and the Divine Woman. As Huxley drove Geddes to Spencer, so he drove him to Comte. Shortly after the beginning of his second year with Huxley, Geddes heard him deliver a severe criticism of the Comtian system. Geddes, who was always challenging authority, naturally thought that a person like Huxley who attacked Comte did so for some reason which Comte himself could supply. Accordingly he turned to Comte's writings and found there what Galton and sociological naturalists insufficiently realized, namely, the tremendous difference between organic and social inheritance, the difference in fact between Fatalism and Free-will. Comte saw the whole human race as one man getting an experience of the race through the six doors of sense impressions. He was the first, if not to grasp, yet to demonstrate this vision, through all history. In this way he exalted social inheritance where organic inheritance had been, and refusing to regard all men as one species dominated by one invariable law of inheritance, he set each

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free to choose his own civic heritage. His efforts naturally opened the eyes of more than one acute reasoner and observer to the idea that beneath the stones of vast cities, in the monuments of the past, the soul of man lies buried. In the hands of Geddes, Comte's generalization has advanced to results which go far beyond his positivism. It has naturally led to a renaissance of Civics and of more civic man.

Comte must have been Geddes' first incentive to the study of Civics. For no sooner did the young biologist with his strong habit of reasoning and observing catch the entrancing idea, than he was off in quest of the facts that support it. Off, in a mood of boundless adventure, he went through all the old cities, learning how each age had selected from the past all the resources that can be brought together to make a calm and beautiful dwelling for the spirit; and how each city became a symbol of the past, the heaven or hell of to-day, a prophecy of to-morrow. Thus through all Europe he has led the moderns increasingly to trace the enchainment of past, present and future. His example has given an impulse to the re-discovery of the Middle Ages; it has called forth roving Anglo-American commissions which have made the old continental towns and cities the object of the most careful and critical scientific and artistic investigation and research. Starting out as hygienists with the aim of learning the secret of planning spacious air-fed and sun-lit towns and cities, they have become artists by the sheer force of the artistic associations into which their mission has led them. Geddes was, in fact, the forerunner of the present-day brilliant group of town-planners and builders.

But the systematic study of his newly found science of Civics was but one of his later activities. We have still to consider his development as a naturalist. After two years dissecting with Huxley, overhauling dry bones of anatomy for five and six hours a day, he took Darwin's hint to seek a real contact with life. Accordingly he went to the marine biological station at Roscoff, where for a time he lived and worked with "three simple, unskilled fishermen naturalists." He was especially attracted by the spur of this mode of study, which seemed the realization of his own dream of education. He undertook it in characteristic

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fashion, was up and out at four every morning, fair or foul, fishing and dredging, thus bringing back the spoil of the sea; and it is not too much to believe that he learned more during this short spell of real naturalist life, more from the simple nature-fishermen, than he could have learnt otherwise in a generation. Following the experience at the Roscoff Zoological Station came a winter in Paris, where Geddes worked mostly at technical biological science and where he contrived to get a liberal education in the difficult art of conversation. Paris also brought him in contact with Le Play. The importance of this event cannot be overrated. For it was the Le Play school of social geography which taught him to appreciate the fundamental importance of the factors of region and occupation; in a word, the vital significance of the geographical factor in the evolution of mankind.

Rigidly logical in his method of self-development, Geddes was now attaining his great end only by the courage and audacity with which he had entered and was passing through the whole circle of the sciences. Leaving biology and nature-study for a moment, let us ask what was he doing in other fields of science? He was going through chemistry and physics with the same thoroughness, the same elaborate preparation as with biology, just mastering every department as he went. As an example of his thoroughness, one may mention the effect on his eyesight was such that he went half blind through the minute study of every geological specimen in the Jermyn-street Museum, and nearly finished his sight by further studies at L'Ecole des Mines, Paris. But with all his close study, he has never produced anything original in chemistry and physics. Why? The answer is simple. Because he learnt them out of text-books under ordinary machine-made professors. He had no inspiring teachers like Comte in history, Spencer in biology and Darwin in bionomics. Indeed one can conceive no more interesting generalization than this which says that the subjects which Geddes has learnt from text-books have produced nothing original in him; while the subjects, history, biology, psychology, sociology, which he learnt practically without text-books, have produced great original thought. The criticism of the destructive effects of authority is obvious. But in spite of having been battered here and there in the con-

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ventional educational mill, Geddes does not scorn it altogether. He tells us that he came to enjoy it and enjoys it still. Skeletons and statistics, dates and dead formulæ had no terrors for him, and to-day they are amusing bogies which in his gay moments he uses as cockshies. Perhaps it was because the nature of the process was quite clear to him that he did not treat it seriously.

The time came when Geddes began to think of a career. His wanderings and studies had led him into the heart of his Garden-universe; and throughout and above all he had maintained his position as a gardener. But before settling down to a career, he, as a naturalist, wanted an experience of the tropics, and accordingly he went to Mexico. Here he found himself, for the first time, among men of affairs, who awakened in him the spirit of a diplomat.

IV

In Mexico, Geddes underwent the great crisis of his life. It was here that he was threatened with total loss of sight. The continual strain on his eyesight developed the latent seeds of weakness to such an extent that he was advised that unless he secluded himself in a dark room for some time he would certainly be blind for life. This was doubtless a severe blow, especially as he did not know whether he was about to face a pathological tragedy. That the darkest time might come was possibly never felt by him—a time when all his labors would be rendered fruitless. Indeed, such was the thriving genius of his mind that out of the temporary darkness it extracted the greatest illumination of his life. He saw life definite and complete in his spiritual Camera Obscura. He passed through a moment of fullest revelation. It would be interesting to know to what extent the Camera Obscura and the little empty room for meditation, at Edinburgh's Outlook Tower, owe their origin to this wonderful experience. Besides this impulse to the ordering of his universe arising from the tranquillizing influence of his confinement, were two intellectual experiences of which one at least had a far-reaching influence. His mind and hands being organized to the highest point of fine activity had need of full occupation. As a result he began to make thinking-machines by rolling pieces

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of paper, and thus the man who had become spiritual heir to Comte, Darwin and Spencer became heir to Leibnitz, the supreme abstract thinker since Aristotle. It will be remembered that the two great ideals of Leibnitz's life were to reconcile life and religion, and to devise a mechanical logic. Thought had become too complex, even by the seventeenth century, to be handled by verbal logic, and Leibnitz saw that unless Western Europe devised some mechanical means of handling its thought problems, it would get buried beneath specialisms. In consequence he started out to devise a general calculus of thought and whilst so engaged he incidentally discovered the inferential calculus, probably anticipating Newton by a few years. Leibnitz's discovery is a further proof that nearly all great discoveries are made incidentally. Thus Geddes' discovery of Leibnitz's discovery was made incidentally. By his use of paper thinking-machines he was not only continuing the Leibnitz tradition, but demonstrating to present-day thinkers the need and utility of using our fingers and some convenient tool like a piece of paper as a mechanical aid to thought. To the question that Geddes, like Leibnitz, was asking—If we take from the thinking human being his fingers, what do we leave him?—neuro-muscular psychology—one of the greatest psychological advances of the last thirty years—has since answered "very little." It has affirmed the importance of the revival of hand-brain labor, the efficiency of which as a factor in the complete development of the mind is now fully confirmed by modern psychologists; and from the high pursuit of this harmony of action and thought reinitiated by Geddes, has arisen the doctrine of soul and body vision in the completeness and application of which lies much of the future salvation of the human race.

The second intellectual experience had a closer relation to the immediate practical application of his ideas and ideals. As we have seen, his mind was occupied with the question of a career. Beyond this he was faced by the necessity of making a living. But he was a biologist. His mode of thinking was scientific and vital, and at the same time his terms were necessarily biological. Apparently, in his world of nature and animals there was no place for the economic man, and of course no

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place in the economic world for the nature man. "Where does the economic man come in the nature world?" he asked; "as far as I can see there is no place for him. The economic man is a fiction of the imagination—a metaphysical abstraction." One thing which led him to this conclusion was his fondness for thoroughness. In order to help his ideas in the desired direction he invited some one to read John Stuart Mill's *Political Economy* to him from without his darkened room, with the result that he discovered Mill to be pre-scientific and of no use whatever in helping him to solve the economic problem which he had in mind. The only thing to be done, therefore, was to think out for himself the scientific view of business; and being a naturalist with the habit of observing things and an expert in classification, he had the preliminary task of classifying facts. The question then arose, where was he to find a clue to the labyrinth of economic facts? He saw that the city was too vast, too huge, too complex, and so eventually he was led to seek and find a clue in International Exhibitions. This experience belongs to the fourth stage of his development.

V

We have so far traced our creative gardener through three stages answering to his seed-time in Eden, his ascent on the wings of empiricism and his temporary suspension above earth while he considered all things in their proper proportions and relations. We now enter with him upon the fourth and most important stage—the realization of his great ideals. That he was well equipped for his task is beyond question. His ability to plan on the largest scale and in accordance with the most advanced ideas, his brilliant personal qualities, his vitalizing force giving life to everything he touched, his tremendous energies frequently either concealed or spread along innumerable open channels, his ever-flaming enthusiasm, encyclopædic knowledge, extraordinary capacity, fine courage, his amazing memory and soaring aspiration—all these fitted him to enter upon inconceivably manifold activities. With renewed strength and sight then he emerged from the Cloister of Contemplation and re-

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turned to practical "gardening" armed with new and effective instruments of sociology for ordered and far-reaching study in many and varied directions whose nature and aims it is impossible to discuss fully in the space of this article. Some idea, however, may be given of the methods whereby he began to fertilize the seeds of his early experiences, in general by a survey of his activities and in particular by an examination of four important and determining events.

Soon after his return from Mexico, Geddes was appointed demonstrator in physiology to Professor Burdon-Sanderson (who was professor of philosophy at University College, London, before going to Oxford). Two years later he was asked by Professor Dickson to go and organize his botanical laboratories at Edinburgh University. During the five or six years that he was so occupied he was also an extra-mural lecturer on zoology in the Edinburgh School of Medicine. He kept these two appointments till the early 'nineties, when he was appointed Professor of Botany at the University of Dundee, a post which he still holds. Thus for about thirty years he has been teacher of natural science in a Scotch University. This means that he has been only teaching during three or four summer months of each year. What, then, has he been doing during the other eight months of the year? In a few sentences he has been

(1) Living the life of a wandering student, going the rounds of the universities in France, America, Italy and Germany.
(2) Contributing technical papers to learned societies.
(3) Writing two or three epoch-making books, such as *The Evolution of Sex.*
(4) Writing many encyclopædic articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* etc.
(5) Initiating and building up a School of Sociology at Edinburgh—the first school of Sociology in Great Britain.
(6) Initiating and building up students' Halls of Residence in Edinburgh.
(7) Initiating nature-study and developing his profes-

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sional life as nature teacher. He began his summer school—the first of its kind in Europe—during his vacations, and initiated a regular summer course in Edinburgh. It was a notable endeavor to make a system of education based upon the history and classification of the sciences and parallelism of science, art and literature.

(8) Originating a new School of Art in Edinburgh, in connection with which he started and ran two periodicals, *The Interpreter* and *Evergreen.*

(9) Starting a publishing firm, "Patrick Geddes & Colleagues," and issuing therefrom Celtic and scientific literature.

(10) Planning and partly carrying out the architectural and hygienic reconstruction of Old Edinburgh.

(11) Making the attempt to generalize all his social studies into a science of civics with its practical policy of city design.

(12) Applying the principles of this science as adviser to the Carnegie trustees of Dunfermline, and the publication of the pioneer work *City Development,* in which he introduced his plans for transforming Dunfermline and formulated the new science of the city and citizenship.

The four determining events already referred to were (1) Geddes' development of the museum idea; (2) his marriage; (3) his start at a University Hall; and (4) his realization of his Outlook Tower. The first event takes us back to his period of contemplation when he was searching for a key to the economic puzzle. Not finding what he wanted in John Stuart Mill, he went elsewhere and discovered in the International Exhibition a scientific or civic museum containing specimens of all kinds of subjects not always arranged in perfect order, yet affording valuable clues to cities and their fittings, human and other. Here was a new repository of ideas, and perhaps the finest potential means of focussing and ordering the human experience contained in towns, cities, countries, or the world. The compre-

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hension of this museum idea was sufficient to impel Geddes to study all the exhibitions possible, especially the great Paris Exposition of 1888, and as a result he summed up his observations of exhibitions in a book, *Industrial Progress*. To this investigation of exhibitions and museums belongs the birth of his Civic Museum idea, which was realized in the Edinburgh Outlook Tower.

Having thus studied facts he was prepared to write systematically on the economic world and he presented two papers before the Royal Society, Edinburgh, summing up the matter. These were called: (1) *Classification of Statistics;* (2) *Analysis of Principles of Economics*. Geddes at this time had not only got the biological habit, but the historical habit also. By the biological habit he was compelled to the phylogenetic view; to wit, the need of knowing the history of every subject which he took up. Hence before he wrote these two papers he thoroughly mastered the history of economic thought and in doing so he found Quesnay's *Tableau Economique* to be the initiating classic of the science of economics. In consequence he turned to Quesnay, whose fundamental economic question happened to be the economizing of the energies of nature. Here indeed was a start for a scientific study—the measurement in standards of physical science of energies in the service of man. Acting upon this initiative, he took each of the sciences in turn and applied their apparatus to economics. By this means he related economics to other sciences and set forth the result as stated above. As a student of Ruskin, Geddes was also led to Ruskin's writings on economics; and the thing of capital importance which he gained from Ruskin was an insight into the relation of art and economics. It taught him that political theory was neglecting the artist, whereas it should be securing his position, and that the living question of the place of art in life needs to be thought out in scientific terms. But above all he confirmed Ruskin's thesis that though the essential wealth is life, yet the most lasting wealth is that contained in art treasures; and this led him to serious and prolonged studies of Picture Galleries as museums of this order of phenomenon. After a long, minute, careful and effectual study of the leading picture galleries of Europe, including both permanent and private collections, he summed up his new ex-

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perience in two small books called *Every Man His Own Art Critic,* which are perhaps the first attempt to apply scientific method to Art Criticism.

Another event of immense importance is to be found in Geddes' marriage in 1885. Hitherto he had been the true wandering scholar searching for perfect order, finding a place for everything and setting everything in its place. But now came marriage to put an end, so to speak, to his wanderings and to anchor him to actual achievements. Marriage was indeed a second great turning point (the first having been his period of blindness) in his career. He goes nearly blind and all the threads of his vast experience unite; he marries and the strands begin to separate streaming towards Heaven in actual endeavor. So brought to a centre of action, he plunges into practical municipal reform, enters definitely upon social experiment, indulges a taste for political analysis. Under his transforming hand Old Edinburgh begins to sing of Redemption. The Closes give up their accumulated horrors and renew their ancient beauty and are wed to new ideals. One of these ideals was the establishment of a common place of residence for university students, the third in our list of important events. What was the aim of this ideal? It was to bring the university into line with a world-wide movement toward unity of life, learning and labor. It was more. It was an attempt to restore that element of associated life to universities which is the true fundamental need and the basis of university development.

With the breakdown of university residence in Europe (apart from the significant exception of Oxford and Cambridge) had come the pernicious view that a university is the stuff of which students are made, and that students flourish on mouthfuls of the stuff which they are expected to chew at leisure in complete isolation. This was setting aside the true view that students are the stuff of which the university is made, and if this stuff is allowed to become effete through lack of that proper association by means of which its vitality is maintained, then the university becomes effete also. Geddes was conscious of the evil effect of students being isolated in residences outside universities, he saw they were losing the spur of common life and

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endeavor, and were fast degenerating into solitary workers and isolated units who, like professors and research workers separated from each other in little watertight compartments, have nothing in common save disastrous limitations and an outlook which is dangerous in an ugly and narrow sense. Life is not cloistered, neither should its workers be. Arguing thus, Geddes formulated his plans for bringing together Edinburgh students to a common life, and thus constructing a working model symbolizing the unity of endeavor, according to which new universities might be constructed.

Throughout the earlier part of the fourth decade of his life, Geddes was steadily working toward his main ideal—the establishment of a sociological laboratory which would aim to be a centre of vision, a world synthesis, a place for experiment and a centre for the teaching and application of all vitally educational methods; in short, a laboratory whose chief object would be seeing and doing. As a house of vision it would relate to all that concerns seeing, thus representing and illustrating history and evolution by means of a properly arranged system of graphics. As a temple of doing it would centralize effort and lay the foundations of the modern manner of the application to society of the scientific method,—society considered in its threefold aspect—environment, organism and function. At last an opportunity arose for the realization of this ideal. A house known as " Short's Observatory," situated at one of the highest points overlooking both old and new Edinburgh, became available for the purpose of forming an Outlook Tower, and Great Britain's first Sociological Laboratory. The first efforts of Geddes were to transform his citadel into an Interpreter's house,—a place both of vision and interpretation,—in such a way that the most uninitiated person would understand something about the vast pageant of life, and scientific persons themselves would be led to abandon the bad habit of reading about things instead of looking at them. All the rooms from the Edinburgh room to the World room are arranged in succeeding circles so that as we proceed we gain an ever-expanding vision of man and his environment. Thus we go spiralling toward the infinite, pausing in this little room for a moment for calm contemplation, and in

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that Camera Obscura for a vision of civic life as a many-colored phantasmagoria. This house of many circles is the parent of many others to follow. In such Towers, circles of workers will renew the city and region to which each belongs, conducting researches into every aspect of the three elements—place, people, work—of which each city and region is composed. The Outlook Tower then is in fact not only a brilliant visualization of the panorama of civic life; it is a prophecy of a coming time when every City's centre and goal will be its Civic Temple. Herein civic workers will visualize and organize the city in its threefold aspect and thereby make its most inspiring ideas and ideals easily accessible to all.

[*To be concluded*]

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AT THE METROPOLITAN

DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

WHITE as a timid Vestal, starry-cinct,
Moon on her hair and midnight in her eyes—
Like an unfleshed pale soul Isolde stands.

Through the grey gloom her amorous Tristan comes.
Fleet, fleet! her soul is fleeter than his feet;
Swift, swift! her wish is swifter than his tread!
Come! or she dies of waiting.
Her sad song
Streams out to him like a long radiance
Over a bleak grey sea! "O haste," she cries,
"Come!" With impatient ruthless hands she tears
And waves white scarves as though they were her love.
First slow, reluctant, tremulous as when
She gave the tardy garnered sweets of lust—
Then faster, keener, bitterly she waves,
Flinging her very being to the night.
"White wings, white scarf-wings, waft him in to me!"
Isolde, poised on thy grey turret-top,
Isolde, thou the dominant white note
Of all this sweeping, sobbing threnody,
O eager yearning woman, thou and I
Have waited with our want against our lips.
Isolde, we have waited—humbly first,
Then bitter and then agonized—then mad,
Mad with the mortal anguish of it all.
And now our time is near.
So, thou and I
And all our waiting sisterhood of women
Wave tenuous terrible scarf-wings of the spirit,
Clamorous, stirred and calling for our Own!

Come, waited, wanted lover ere we flee
Upward and starward, free of flesh and thee!

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MUSTERING NATURE'S MERCENARIES

ELIZABETH A. WARD

FEW people have any adequate conception of the enormous damage done by injurious insects. The Department of Agriculture at Washington a few years ago placed the annual commercial loss to our country from insect pests at from five to six hundred million dollars. In 1899 the Fiji Islanders estimated that they lost eighty per cent. of their oranges annually from fruit fly infestation, and Queensland, Australia, nearly abandoned hope of growing fruit successfully because all means had failed to control the fruit flies. In view of such facts, entomologists and horticulturalists are uniting forces in a campaign that is bound to be epoch-making in its service to humanity.

In the ordinary course of nature a balance is continually maintained between insects that subsist upon vegetation and the parasites of these insects. Without this balance the earth would soon be denuded of every trace of vegetable matter and animal life also would shortly disappear. Where extensive cultivation of the soil is carried on the introduced crops disturb nature's order, and the greater abundance of a given variety of plant food gives greatly increased opportunities for its enemies to thrive since the chances are against a corresponding introduction of natural checks. A strong example of this disturbed equilibrium was furnished by California in the late 'eighties, when her fruit industry was advancing with incredible rapidity. Besides the great deciduous orchards already established in the central part of the State, the citrus groves of Southern California were rapidly extending over large areas. With the introduction of these great quantities of fruit trees, most of them imported stock, came numerous varieties of scale and other pests, which, set free from natural restraints, multiplied with menacing rapidity. Quarantine laws were established as early as 1887, but the work was new, the territory was large and the fruit growers themselves were in a great measure ignorant of the terrible havoc possible from these enormously fecund and voracious insect hordes. Public sentiment did not adequately support protective

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measures, and the laws were enforced only partially or with the greatest difficulty.

The cottony cushion scale was the first to appear in alarming proportions, and so swift and insidious were its depredations that the whole fruit industry of California was suddenly threatened with destruction by this beautiful "white scourge." The citrus industry, particularly, seemed doomed at its very outset. Fumigation served to check the scale, but the treatment was expensive and no permanent results were obtainable, and no encouragement could be given to fruit growers that existing conditions could be bettered.

In this extremity, the State Horticultural Commissioner, Mr. Ellwood Cooper, took steps to make practical application of the natural control theory. The project was held up to ridicule and ready funds were scarce, but the obstacles were overcome and in 1888 Mr. Albert Koebele, an attaché of the United States Department of Agriculture, was authorized to act as California's oriental agent in search of the desired parasites. This was the year of the World's Fair in Melbourne and the representative from our Government, Mr. Frank McCoppin of San Francisco, deeply loyal to California's interests, set aside two thousand dollars of the amount allowed him for his expenses in order that he might add Mr. Koebele to his retinue and give him an opportunity to begin his investigations in Australia, the native habitat of the cottony cushion scale. A parasite was secured, a ladybird beetle named *Vedalia Cardinalis,* and specimens were successfully transported to Sacramento, where an improvised insectary housed them until a colony sufficiently large to experiment with could be reared. As soon as possible they were liberated in a badly infected orchard and the most sanguine hopes of the experimenters were abundantly realized. The scale disappeared as if by magic wherever the *Vedalia* was liberated and the California fruit industry was saved.

This experiment did more, however, than avert an impending calamity. It gave the world a practical demonstration of the wide possibilities latent in applied entomology and definitely set on foot one of the most significant movements in the history of scientific horticulture.

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Another striking example in more recent years has been the saving of the melon industry in California's great Imperial Valley by means of a native ladybird, *Hippodamia convergens.* Great quantities of these beetles are collected in winter in the high sierras where they hibernate, and they are carefully stored until spring. They are then distributed to the growers, who frankly acknowledge that without them the attempt to raise cantaloupes would be vain. On the Atlantic Coast the gypsy moth seems finally doomed through parasitic control; the Hessian fly is held in check in Maryland by a parasite from Maryland, and a parasite from Texas has been largely the means of destroying the grain aphis in Kansas.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that applied entomology is widening its boundaries. Bumble bees are now exported to the Philippines to fertilize the clover, and a parasite of the Texas dog tick has been sent to South Africa.

California has naturally taken the lead in this work, both because of her vast horticultural interests and because San Francisco is the great port of entry to our country from the Orient, the home of many injurious insects. After the unexampled conquest of the *Vedalia,* Mr. Koebele continued his search for other parasites with great success in different parts of the Orient, particularly Japan. The commercial value of these later importations, however, has not measured up to that of the first experiment; for though a large number of parasites have been discovered to work upon scale and other insects, they can hardly yet be considered as substitutes for artificial methods, but rather as adjuncts to them, paving the way for more complete natural control in the future.

Locating a parasite is sufficiently difficult, but transporting it and harmonizing conditions of climate, temperature, and nutriment in new surroundings is an even more serious part of the problem. Sometimes a valuable parasite must be transported from the Tropics at a season wholly unfavorable for propagation in the Temperate Zone, and the ingenuity of the collector and his collaborators at the insectary is often severely taxed to solve the difficulties. If the adult parasites are to be shipped only a short distance the matter is simple, for as a rule even

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cold storage is unnecessary; but if the journey is halfway around the globe, complications arise. All sorts of methods have been tried to ensure successful shipping. If the larvæ can be obtained as they are ready to enter the pupal stage, they may be placed in cold storage and undergo their metamorphosis during the journey, ready to emerge as imagoes, or mature insects, in their new habitat. Too long exposure to the cold, however, is likely to destroy their vitality. If young larvæ are shipped, food must be supplied. One collector with a personally-conducted shipment tells of resorting to blow-fly maggots for his charges when the usual host-insect could not be obtained. This food was supplemented by maggots from infested fruit at different ports during the journey.

Sometimes young trees containing both parasite and host-insects are transported entire in cases built for the purpose. Such a shipment containing parasites for the white fly in Florida was made successfully from India a few years ago, involving great expense and painstaking care; but the parasites reached their destination at a season when the white fly larvæ could not be obtained and the whole undertaking went for naught except valuable experience. Another instance of the baffling discouragements often encountered in these investigations was the loss of a large number of Brazilian beetles that had been shipped with infinite care and labor to Australia to control the fruit fly. After the collector had reared about a thousand of them from the imported beetles, the insectary was turned over to an assistant with minute instructions for their care. A few weeks later it was discovered that all the beetles had perished through the absolute neglect of the attendant.

After locating a desirable parasite and collecting and shipping specimens, the final difficult step is to rear them in quantities sufficient for distribution through infested orchards. California has recently built a large and well-equipped insectary at Sacramento where this work may be efficiently carried on. The dedicatory tablet very fittingly bears the name of Ellwood Cooper, the man who promoted the world's first great experiment in economic entomology.

An interesting phase of parasite culture is the apparent exist-

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ence of what is known as an alternate host. Some parasites continue to breed throughout the year, while their particular host has only one breeding season. This means that the host larvæ become pupæ when they are needed as food for the second cycle of newly-hatched parasites. The parasite of the gypsy moth, *Apantales fulvipes,* imported from both Europe and Japan, strikingly illustrates this difficulty. It does valiant work in the spring, but fails to live through the winter because there is no host to receive its eggs in the fall. The fact that it lives through the year in its native haunts compels entomologists to believe in the existence of what they have termed an alternate host. This is only one of the many avenues of research opening up to investigators. Another problem is that of "secondaries," or parasites of the parasites. There are even "thirds," "fourths," and "fifths" to contend with in some cases, until one is reminded of the intricacies of the famous house that Jack built. Because of this possible cycle of undesirable parasites, the insectary sends out its colonies only after the most thorough trying out to avoid any possible introduction of new insect enemies.

The work of the insectary, however, is not confined wholly to the interests of the imported insects. California has a number of valuable native parasites which are collected and distributed under insectary direction, as, for example, *Hippodamia convergens,* already mentioned as preying upon the melon aphis. When one takes into consideration that three thousand lady-birds, a weight of half an ounce, are required to protect a single acre of melons, and that these insects are shipped to growers by the ton, some conception of the magnitude of the work may be gained. Their hibernating quarters are located before the heavy snows fall and later the collectors go out with pack animals and scoop them into sieves and sacks as they lie dormant, protected by the snow. They are stored in mountain camps while the snow lasts and then they are transferred to artificial cold storage until they are needed for distribution.

While the men at the insectary are aiding the orchardists to keep injurious insects in subjection, the quarantine officers in San Francisco are working with equal efforts to prevent new

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enemies from entering. Armed with a full knowledge of the principal insect pests that menace from the Orient, these officials are continually on the alert for infested fruit and tirelessly vigilant to see that none is landed. Probably the most dreaded insect pest in the world is the Mediterranean fruit fly. This flourishes abundantly in the Hawaiian Islands and infests practically all their fruits and vegetables. In fact, bananas and pineapples are the only fruits allowed to be imported from there. The evil from it is considered so deadly that the officials examine not only commercial shipments, but hand baggage as well. One passenger assured the officers that she had no fruit in her baggage, only a few dried nuts which her little girl had been playing with all the way across. The vigilant inspector asked to see them and cut open one of them at random. There, concealed within such unpromising surroundings, were eleven of the larvæ of the greatly dreaded fly. The possible harm latent in these tiny maggots can hardly be over-estimated, for no means of control adequate to cope with the scourge has yet been found. These insects appeared a few years ago in a certain section of California, and it was only by the most heroic sacrifice of trees and shrubs in both garden and orchard that the State was saved from their blight: entire defoliation of every plant known to harbor them was the only remedy. The fruit trees, fortunately, were nearly all deciduous and the early discovery and strenuous work on the part of the local commissioners made spraying possible before the leaves appeared. In citrus orchards, spraying would be wholly ineffective because of the non-deciduous character of the trees. So many broods of this fly are hatched during the year that artificial methods of control, where tried, have proved entirely inadequate.

Nature's way is difficult to improve upon, and the pioneer entomologists who have blazed the path to her devices of insect control must be given a foremost place among the world's benefactors. In directing the marvellous potentialities of these almost microscopic organisms towards fighting man's battles, they have opened up a new era in horticulture, filled with wholly incalculable benefits to the human race.

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ANATOLE FRANCE'S VALEDICTORY

PEDRO HENRIQUEZ UREÑA

THE mature artist whose gradual development has been governed by Goethe's law of "self-culture" knows when it is that the work of his life has achieved its completion. Wagner's *Parsifal,* Tolstoy's *Resurrection,* Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken,* are lofty twilit summits: the artist has left behind him the whirlwinds of passion, and now lays aside, like Prospero, the symbols of his power and his fame, to enter into the realm of silence.

The great master of irony and *sagesse* has attained the spiritual regions where life, over which thought has been incessantly vigilant, becomes clear and pure, defining its moral perspectives, —like a valley left behind, hid by the mists of the morning, whose rich landscape is beheld, in the peaceful evening, from the heights. More than this: he has already, during his life, met with the reaction that follows all renown. Looked upon as an exception, —an exception among the Academicians, an exception among the realists, an exception among all the writers of yesterday,— and as such accepted and revered by generations younger than his own, Anatole France had seemed to possess the secret of perpetual literary youth. But it was merely an illusion. Youth is implacable. Youth demands renewal, and accepts no compromise. Every generation brings a new interpretation of life, a new sense of art, and the men of yesterday rarely know how to enter into the spirit of the new times. The reaction was slow in coming, but it came at last. Anatole France could not be the idol of 1914.

French literature of to-day—a passionate, sincere, idealistic literature, equally eager for subtle ideas and for direct emotions —is the outcome of artistic tendencies radically different from those of the 'eighties. It is even more: it is the outcome of artistic impulses that seem to run counter to those which have been traditionally held as typically French. For this is an idealistic literature in the philosophical sense of the term; not merely in the sense of a more or less religious spiritualism (which, of

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course, is not lacking either) nor in the sense of a more or less vague and sapless "unrealism." A literature in which every subject seeks its own adequate form, instead of lazily casting itself into one of the accepted models: the paragraph à la Bossuet; the heroic couplets of seventeenth century tragedy; the "incisive" Voltairean prose; the *tirade* of Hugo; the descriptions of the realists.

Anatole France symbolizes—symbolizes supremely—many tendencies opposed to the new ideals. If such tendencies are typically French, as is commonly supposed, then those who see in him a thorough representative of his people are not wrong. He is not, by temperament, an ideologist; much less a metaphysician. He knows all the philosophies, but has a passion for none. Compare him with Camille Mauclair, and you will find, by contrast, the revelation of the deep and restless metaphysical temperament in the literature of to-day.

Philosophically, then, a sceptic, but an "active" sceptic (even in criticism); a master of all the resources of *sagesse* that scepticism often brings,—he has lived in danger of that essential mediocrity which so often lies at the root in the French writer, under his technical perfections: that mediocrity born of the absence of the ideal meaning, of the transcendental conception of life, without which the Homeric poems and the Attic tragedies, the work of Dante and of Shakespeare, would be nothing more than brilliant pageants and hollow magnificences. Sceptical, ironical, *sage;* French, in short; even *gaulois,* since he has known how to give sensuality its rôle in life (at least in French life) and even strong words their place in books,—Anatole France appeared to assume an attitude quite unlike that of modern French youth, opening to the splendors of the universe the large impressionable eyes of Romain Rolland's Jean-Christophe.

But irony may be a form of philosophical thought. And the irony running through Anatole France's work, as a constantly growing current, towards which all the intellectual forces converge, becomes at last a philosophy of human history. Thus his work acquires its original and higher unity, its characteristic savor,—which, thoroughly French as it is, yet sometimes reminds

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us of English literature, as is the case also with Balzac, or even with Flaubert.

Besides, in his way, Anatole France is an idealist. I mean, he has an ideal. An ideal, not philosophical, but *social,*—therefore, French; but an ideal, at any rate. He has bravely fought for the people, especially for the spiritual freedom of his people. It has not been all bays and roses in his public life: fanatic populaces have thrown stones at him. And his faith in the moral and intellectual redemption of men, crowning his ironical philosophy of history, is the ideal *motif* that gives his work a higher meaning.

A melancholy veil of darkness has just fallen over this philosophy,—so ironical, yet so generous in its desire for human welfare. *The Revolt of the Angels,* Anatole France's last novel, is, seen in the light of recent events, somewhat in the manner of a valedictory. It seems as if the author, now so oppressed, would not return to his literary tasks, even after the crisis afflicting his country may have passed.

The prospect of an unavoidable, destructive and useless war; the certainty that the efforts of spiritual liberation would be suspended; the sadness of seeing a whole life's work in danger of becoming fruitless, even if not from external conflicts, from the pettinesses of internal politics: these are the closing notes of the book. And, as if giving up all public endeavor; as if a bitter scepticism had replaced the old ironical but active faith; as if, his belief in mankind being dead, he were secluding himself within a sad individualism, Anatole France seals the revolted archangel's vision with the renunciation of all conquest of power. "Let us not conquer Heaven: let it suffice us to be capable of conquering it. War breeds war; victory breeds defeat. . . . We have destroyed Ialdabaoth, our tyrant, if we have destroyed in ourselves ignorance and fear. . . . Victory is spirit. It is in ourselves, and only in ourselves, that we must attack and destroy Ialdabaoth."

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A TENT SONG

WITTER BYNNER

TILL we watch the last low star,
Let us love and let us take
Of each other all we are.

On some morning with that star
One of us shall lie awake,
Lonely for the other's sake.

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ADOLPHE APPIA AND GORDON CRAIG

CARL VAN VECHTEN

IN the first edition of *On the Art of the Theatre* (1911), Gordon Craig distinguishes himself by killing off Adolphe Appia. In the 1912 edition of the book (and the subsequent editions) he apologizes for his carelessness in a footnote in which he refers to Appia as "the foremost stage-decorator of Europe." "I was told that he was no more with us, so, in the first edition of this book I included him among the shades. I first saw three examples of his work in 1908, and I wrote to a friend asking, 'Where is Appia, and how can we meet?' My friend replied, 'Poor Appia died some years ago.' This winter (1912) I saw some of Appia's designs in a portfolio belonging to Prince Wolkonsky. They were divine, and I was told that the designer was still living." There is no other reference to "the foremost stage-decorator of Europe" in this book. Now Appia's book, *Die Musik und die Inscenierung,* translated from his original French text by the Princess Elsa Cantacuzène, with eighteen plates from drawings by the author for the settings for the Wagner music dramas, was issued by F. Bruckmann in Munich in 1899. This is the book which Hiram Kelly Moderwell refers to in *The Theatre of To-day*. Loomis Taylor, last season director of the German works at the Metropolitan Opera House, is also perfectly familiar with it, and he related to me recently how an attempt of his to bring Appia to Germany several years ago failed. There is no mention made by Gordon Craig of *any* book by Appia; Mr. Taylor has only read the German text; and even Mr. Moderwell seems to have been ignorant of the fact that a previous work in French had been issued by Appia.

I have in my possession a small volume (51 pages) entitled *La Mise-en-scène du Drame Wagnérien,* by Adolphe Appia, published by Léon Chailley in Paris in 1893. The sale was afterwards (1895) continued under the imprint of the well-known publisher, Fischbacher, 33 Rue de Seine. There is no copy of this work in the New York Public Library, nor in any other library that I have yet consulted. (The later German work

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is comparatively well-known among artists of the theatre.) The only reference to it that I have discovered is in a footnote (Appia seems destined to be exiled to footnotes) in a now little read work by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, *Richard Wagner,* issued in 1897, four years after Appia's pamphlet had first appeared. Appia dedicated *Die Musik und die Inscenierung* to Mr. Chamberlain in this fashion: "*à Houston Stewart Chamberlain qui seul connaît la vie que j'enferme en ces pages.*"

There is enough interior evidence, without any reference to chronological evidence, to give one cause to presuppose a knowledge on Gordon Craig's part of these books, even the German version of which appeared before Craig had developed many of his theories. The chronology, for the most part, is damning, for even in the short French book (there is a reference in this pamphlet to the fact that it is a condensed version of a longer work which Appia feared might never see publication) one may find not only the germs but also a complete analysis of the principles of modern stage-craft. It was Appia's idea that the stage director should use every effort, *by means of the decoration* as well as by means of the actor, to bring out the secret of the drama he was producing. Appia was the first to see the inconsistency of placing the actor against scenery with painted perspective. It was Appia who foresaw that lighting should be used for a more important purpose than mere illumination, that it should serve as the element which binds together the decoration and the figure of the actor, a theory which, as Mr. Moderwell points out, was imagined before a lighting system had been devised to make its practical application possible. It was Appia who discovered that although Wagner had invented a new form of drama he had not the slightest notion of how to produce it. He is very explicit here. He says, for example, that the action of the ordinary opera is determined by convention, that of the spoken drama by life. In other words the prima donna of opera must sing her airs in conformation with the beat of the conductor, and she may stand as near the footlights as she pleases. No question of art is raised; nor should there be. You cannot improve (beyond a certain very easily discoverable point) *The Barber of Seville* by superior stage management. In a play the actor tries, as best he

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may, to imitate life. Between his lines he may take what time he likes to add action to best serve this purpose. In Wagner's *Wort-Tondrama* (the Master's own expression) the music is used for a double new purpose. It illuminates the soul of the drama, *le drame intérieur,* and it defines to a nicety the *time* of the action (" not the duration of time," says Appia, " but time itself "). In other words the author-composer wished the illusion of his music dramas to be as complete as that of the great tragedies of the spoken drama, but he has set a definite limit to his characters' actions by composing music which it takes a certain time to perform. He takes all liberty away from the actor without telling him precisely what to do. Thus Tristan and Isolde, after they have drunk the love potion, are given a number of moments, songless, to express their emotion in gesture; just as Brunnhilde, awakened by Siegfried, must continue to greet the sun until the harp stops playing. Appia foresaw that this action must be controlled by one man, who must regulate it to the last detail. He must arrange the scenery and the lights and the action not only to correspond exactly to the demands of the music and the words, but also to bring out to the utmost the underlying meaning of the work.

For this purpose he has gone into detail with which it does not seem to be necessary to encumber this brief account. In the German work this detail is, of course, much fuller than in the shorter French version. The German book besides is embellished with engravings which give one a very good idea of the intentions of the artist-author. Appia, for instance, is not content with making one drawing for the setting of the third act of *Die Walküre;* he makes no less than *seven.* These show the varying condition of the lights and position of the characters at different stages in the action. Loomis Taylor has called Appia's idea for this setting " the most beautiful that one could conceive." And yet no one, so far as I know, has ever attempted to use it. The Appia case is an extraordinary one. Here we have a man who has not only developed a complete and invaluable theory for the production of a group of dramas, but who has also gone to the pains to outline to the minutest detail the manner in which his ideas may be carried out, and no one has taken the trouble to

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follow these instructions in the way he intended. Once his work was complete, Appia seemed content. He has now gone on to something else. Before the war began he had identified himself with the Dalcroze school at Hellerau and had gone far beyond practical present-day stage decoration methods, evolving still new theories in cubes. However, may we not consider, with the evidence, that Appia was the innovator of the new movement in the theatre, may we not assure ourselves that without Appia there would have been no Gordon Craig, perhaps no Stanislawsky? His ideas have most certainly been awarded fruition in a thousand forms.

I cannot resist a quotation or two in pursuit of my comparison. "*Das Rheingold* presents three elements: water (the bottom of the Rhine), air (the summit of a mountain separated from Walhalla by the Rhine), and fire (the subterranean forges of the Nibelungs)." Compare this with Gordon Craig's now famous description of the decorations for *Macbeth:* "I see two things. I see a lofty and steep rock, and I see the moist cloud which envelops the head of this rock. That is to say, a place for fierce and warlike men to inhabit, a place for phantoms to nest in." But examples in which Appia exacts of the decoration a promise to play a leading *rôle* are too frequent to be quoted. One other selection will show how this comparatively (to the public) unknown designer went to work twenty-two years ago to evolve a new form of stage-craft:

"The last tableau of *Die Walküre* represents a mountain top, the favorite meeting ground of the Valkyries. It is purely decorative up to the moment when the god (Wotan) surrounds it with a circle of flames to protect the sleep of Brunnhilde, but from that instant it acquires a deep significance. For this sleep is Wotan's precaution against the workings of his own desire; that is to say the god, having renounced his power to direct events, has made the *confidante* of his desire impotent. This fact gives the value of a dramatic *rôle* to the decoration, since the return of the scene in *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* not only constitutes for the eye a unity between the three parts of the trilogy but also always leads the spectator to the vital point in the drama" (Wotan's will, active or passive).

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Appia's purpose, in every instance, was, working from the general to the particular, to discover the author's intention and then to illuminate it. The stage director or decorator, in his opinion, was only the clairvoyant slave in the service of the author's text. The leaders of the modern movement in the theatre are in complete accord with him on this point as well as others.

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ACCORDING TO DARWIN

PERCIVAL WILDE

[*The author sincerely trusts that no reader will construe any part of what follows in the light of an attack upon one of the greatest boons of modern civilization—organized charity.*

But if the reader has occasionally reflected that no force is more capable of doing damage than that power of affecting the course of human life which is sometimes placed in the hands of inexpert administrators, then the author will exclaim with him, "Charity! What sins are committed in thy name!"]

The Characters: Betty: Tom: Willie, a Charity Worker: a Sheriff.

The Scene is laid at Betty's, in a cheap tenement, in the slums of New York.

The Time: An evening in summer.

If rooms bespeak character, this room, the scene upon which the curtain rises, is eloquent. For it tells the tale of a struggle with poverty—a struggle against the most overwhelming odds. There is no carpet, but the floor is tolerably clean. The wall paper, left by some more prosperous tenant, hangs in shreds, but the worst places are concealed by gaudily colored pictures. There is a stove, and a dish of something is simmering on it. A few ricketty chairs, no two alike, are about the room. And against a wall, a nondescript arrangement of wooden boxes, old rags, newspapers, and scraps of colored cloth, might pass for a couch. There is a window: of course there is a window: the tenement law requires it. But the fire-escape outside is encumbered with drying laundry, and the window is as useless for ventilation as it is for light.

A lifeless room. A cheerless room. An unspeakably dismal room. Yet it is the show room of the "apartment," for, by the evidence of the couch, only one of the tenants can sleep here, and a wobbly door, from which the varnish is peeling in long strips, leads into a "bedroom." A bedroom, indeed, it must be, though we make no careful investigation. A glimpse through

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the doorway reveals a decrepit mattress and a lumpy pillow, and, once again, the inspectors would be pleased to observe a diminutive hole in the wall, opening on a lightless shaft: a "window."

As the curtain rises, Betty, a rather attractive girl of nineteen, is removing the dishes from the table at which she and her younger brother Tom have just eaten. The fairest flowers are said to bloom in filth, and there is a purity, a delicacy of outline about Betty's profile, which is curiously pleasing. There are hard lines about the mouth, and the beginning of a nasty contraction at the side of the eyelids, but these are not pleasing. One had better not look at them. Misery, and hopelessness: of course they are in her face, but she is a pretty girl, if you take but a fleeting glance at her.

Tom, the younger brother, who sells newspapers, and does odd jobs, is a depressingly sophisticated lad of eighteen. At this age a boy is supposed to be "full of life"; is expected to be "bubbling over with spirits." Perhaps that is what Tom is thinking of as he sits in his chair, and stares—stares through grime and filth, and brick and stone, into something far beyond.

From some not distant church a clock strikes. Betty listens.

BETTY
What time was that?

TOM
Seven.

BETTY
Light the gas, Tom, will you? [*He rises, scratches a match, and touches it to a jet in the centre of the room. Betty takes a purse from a place of concealment*] To-morrow's the first of the month, Tom.

TOM [*slowly*]
Yes.

BETTY
I've got the rent this time.

TOM
Yes?

BETTY [*counting out the money*]
There. And almost a dollar over. Just think what that

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means! You're making almost three dollars a week, and I made over four last week!

TOM [*in the same slow, measured tone*]

Yes.

BETTY

Seven dollars a week between us! Tom, we'll be able to put something by! I'm going to open an account in a savings bank.

TOM [*as before*]

Yes.

BETTY [*putting her arms about his shoulders*]

We've slaved for it, haven't we? It used to be mighty hard, old fellow.

TOM

Yes. When Willie was with us.

BETTY [*nodding*]

It made such a difference. The two of us, to support him, with all the things he had to have. The medicine—and the food——

TOM

And one of us had to stay home part of the day.

BETTY

Well, he couldn't do much for himself, could he?

TOM

It's hard to make a living when you've got only half your time to do it in.

BETTY

Tom, we oughtn't to complain. We *had* to do it. If you were taken sick, I'd look out for you, wouldn't I? It would be the least I could do. [*He shrugs his shoulders*] Well, Willie's our brother.

TOM

What did Willie ever do for us when he was well? [*Betty does not answer*] He made more money than both of us put together, but *we* never saw any of it! We could go to the dogs for all he cared!

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BETTY [*reproachfully*]

Tom!

TOM [*dispassionately*]

I'm not saying this because I'm angry. I'm simply telling you what happened. Willie made the money, and Willie spent the money. He liked to amuse himself. There was nothing to stop him. You needed shoes, but Willie needed a drink. So Willie got the drink, and you—you could have gone barefoot for all the difference it made to him.

BETTY

Tom, he was punished.

TOM

He punished? Not much! Do you call it punishment that he fell off a ladder when he was drunk? No, *we* were punished! *We!* It wasn't hard enough to look out for ourselves: we had to look out for him too . . .

[*He breaks off*]

BETTY

Tom, Willie's a cripple. The doctors say he won't live six months. Don't you think you might forgive him?

TOM

Forgiving him is easy. What's done is done. But that's not the point. Willie's coming home.

BETTY [*thunderstruck*]

Coming home? But I thought the Society was taking care of him.

TOM

Yes.

BETTY

Then why . . . ?

TOM

I stopped in this afternoon. You know, they said I was to see Willie once a week.

BETTY [*impatiently*]

Well?

TOM

They've cured him.

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BETTY

Cured him? Then he'll be able to work!

TOM [*shaking his head slowly*]

No.

BETTY

What do you mean?

TOM

It's very simple. He was a cripple. He was going to die in six months. But they were charitable. They sent him to the hospital. They operated on him.

BETTY [*breathlessly*]

And what happened?

TOM

The operation was a success. [*He pauses*] He'll *live,* do you understand? He's got as many years in him as you or I, but he's paralyzed—that's all: just paralyzed.

BETTY [*slowly*]

Then he's no better.

TOM

Oh, yes! He's lots better! We thought he was going to die. The doctors thought he was going to die. But they operated. It was a wonderful operation. The lady in charge at the Society told me how wonderful it was: the doctors are going to write a book about it. So—Willie's *not* going to die. He's coming back here to live with us.

BETTY [*aghast*]

But *we* can't take care of him!

TOM

The hospital can't. They've got other sick people.

BETTY

Willie's sick!

TOM [*shaking his head*]

He's as well as he'll ever be. He doesn't need the hospital. Only medicines, and good food, and somebody to wheel him around, and he'll live to be seventy.

BETTY [*staggering under the succession of blows*]

Somebody to wheel him around?

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TOM

The ladies at the Society took up a collection and bought him a wheel chair. I saw it. Rubber tires, and silk cushions, and real mahogany. He's got to be in the fresh air for two hours every day.

BETTY

How will we get him up and down stairs?

TOM [*does not answer. When he speaks again it is in the same dead voice*]

If it had been a year sooner, they couldn't have saved him. It's a new operation. The lady at the Society said we ought to be very thankful. He might have died—[*with a sudden flash of anger*] but they wouldn't let him!

BETTY

But why do they send him here? Why doesn't the Society take care of him? That's what they're for. They can take care of him so much better!

TOM

They've been taking care of him for some time now.

BETTY

What of that?

TOM [*wearily*]

Don't you understand? They don't believe in breaking up the family. [*Betty does not answer*] Willie has a home to go to. [*He waves his hand grimly*] *This* is the home. So they're sending him here. [*He pauses again*] The lady at the Society explained it all to me. Too much charity would make paupers out of us, and they don't want that to happen. They've done all they think they should for Willie. It's up to us now.

BETTY [*desperately*]

Tom, if Willie comes here you know what it will mean. We're *just* managing to live—we're *just* managing to get along——

TOM [*bitterly*]

The Society doesn't want to break up the home. It's our privilege to look out for Willie: "privilege": that was the word she used. The Society helped us over a hard place, but

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if they helped us any more it would be bad for us. They're afraid it would make us less independent. Well, Willie'll be here any minute.

BETTY [*taking his hands, almost weeping*]
Tom! Tom!

TOM
You know, we rich people—a few dollars more or less don't matter. And we can't pitch him out into the street, can we? He's our brother.

BETTY
Tom, what's to become of us?

TOM
Betty, nobody cares. We don't matter. [*There is a sound of voices outside*] They're bringing him up.
[*A rap at the door. Betty opens it*]

THE CHARITY WORKER [*enters. She is a thin, kind-faced woman of middle age, rather winded from the steep ascent*]
Is this—is this . . . ?

TOM [*recognizing her*]
Yes. This is the place, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*with a sigh of relief*]
It wasn't easy bringing him up those stairs.
[*Two men, one in front, one behind, lift Willie, chair and all, over the threshold, and wheel him into the room. Willie is a large-framed man of twenty-three, whose head rolls from side to side as the chair moves. The lower part of his body is snugly wrapped in a blanket*]

BETTY [*neither joy nor love nor surprise in her voice. Simply recognition of a fact*]
Willie!

WILLIE [*speaking in the uncertain voice of a paralytic—a voice which has been seriously affected by his ailment*]
How—how do you do?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*smoothing Willie's hair, and putting on a few finishing touches as if he were an entry in a dog-show*]
He looks well, doesn't he? Splendid color! Well, I'm going to leave you here, Willie.

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WILLIE

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

You'll have your brother and sister to take care of you. You'll like that better than the hospital, won't you?

WILLIE

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*turning enthusiastically to Tom*]

It's wonderful what science can do nowadays! When he came to us—you know what he was like.

TOM

Yes.

THE CHARITY WORKER

And now! Look at him! Would anybody think that the doctors actually gave him up? Tom, [*she lays her hand on his shoulder*] you ought to be very grateful! We've saved him for you! Saved him!

BETTY [*rising to the situation*]

I'm sure we're very thankful, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*pleased*]

Of course. Of course. But the Society doesn't want thanks. We're just glad that we've helped you. And I'm sure you'll take good care of him.

BETTY [*slowly*]

Yes.

THE CHARITY WORKER

Two hours' fresh air every day—your brother can help you carry him downstairs—and milk, and plenty of food. That's all. And his medicine three times a day. [*She takes the bottle from Willie's breast pocket, and shows it to her*] It's all written on the bottle.

BETTY [*taking the bottle*]

Yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

He won't be much trouble. [*From the chair comes a gasping gurgle—Willie's laugh*] You see how cheerful he is? He has a magnificent constitution—haven't you, Willie?

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WILLIE

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*drawing Betty aside*]

The doctors never expected him to pull through: they were surprised when he came out of the ether! [*She smiles confidentially*] You ought to be proud of him; he's quite a celebrity in his way. [*She turns back to Willie*] Well, I must be going, but I'm leaving you in good hands. Good-bye, Willie.

WILLIE

G—good-bye, Mrs. Todd.

TOM [*drawing the Charity Worker to one side as she is about to leave*]

Mrs. Todd!

THE CHARITY WORKER [*with a pleasant smile*]

Yes?

TOM [*almost desperately*]

Don't you think the Society could take better care of him than we could?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*her smile freezing on her lips*]

I've explained that to you once.

TOM [*resolutely*]

But that's what the Society's for, isn't it?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*standing on her dignity*]

The ladies who founded the Society are quite competent to manage it. [*He is so crushed that she continues more kindly*] Tom, this isn't the only case of the kind we've handled. We've had a hundred like it! And we're doing for you what our experience has taught us is best.

TOM

But if it doesn't work?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*confidently*]

It will. [*She radiates a liberally inclusive smile upon the reunited family*] Good-bye.

[*She goes*]

[*There is a pause. The others, who have overheard nothing of the conversation, have, nevertheless, maintained a respectful silence. Now Willie turns to his sister*]

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WILLIE

W—well, sis! G—glad to see me?

BETTY

Of course, Willie.

WILLIE

I—I'm a triumph of surgery. That—that's what the doctors said. Took me all apart, and put me together again, and here I am, alive and kicking! N—no, not kicking, but alive! You bet I'm alive.

BETTY

Don't talk if it tires you, Willie.

WILLIE

N—no. It doesn't tire me. I—I did a lot of talking in the hospital. And reading! I did a lot of reading. You—you see, [*he jerks his head a little to one side*] there's a thing on the chair to hold a book. You put it in front of me, and you turn the pages.

BETTY

You can't use your hands, Willie? You used to.

WILLIE

They're not much good to me now. But I can talk, I can! I—I'm a gay old bird! [*Betty and Tom stare at each other in expressive silence*] Eighteen men operated, and I'm the only one who wasn't killed by it! Survival of the fittest, eh? [*He laughs his gurgling laugh*] I learnt that from a book at the hospital. The weakest go to the wall! [*He laughs again. Then, suddenly*] Tom!

TOM

Yes, Willie?

WILLIE

B—bet you a dollar I live longer than you do!

THE SECOND SCENE

The Scene is the same as before.

The Time: Two months later—an October morning.

Once more the room speaks for itself. Some of the pictures still remain on the wall, but they no longer hang straight, and

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do not conceal the rents in the wall paper. A highly colored picture of St. Francis throwing food to the birds, a picture which lent something of dignity to the first scene, is all askew, and the saint seems to have acquired an odd rakishness of expression. The window and the floor are dirty, and litter of all kinds has accumulated.

On the couch sits Betty, tired, sleepy, her head between her hands. It is little we can see of her as she huddles up, in a vain effort, as it were, to hide herself from the world, but the glance which once appraised her claims to beauty cannot avoid the cheaply gaudy dress, the bedraggled plumes of her hat, the cracked patent-leather shoes, the sheer silk stockings, and, as she moves, the rouge and lip-salve which are so liberally applied to the pinched features. Her hand trembles, and the imitation jewelry with which it is laden glitters. She is pathetic—indescribably pathetic, and she alone, in all the world, cannot appreciate it. For her intelligence, never of the greatest, is quite unable to cope with the situation. That Willie, who, like some heathen idol, sits motionless in the centre of the room, has had something to do with her downfall, she recognizes—but recognizes dimly. The whole catastrophe is too overwhelming, too devastating, and, with it, has come a blessed numbness, a hazy indifference, under whose kindly anæsthesia the poor thread of her life writhes on.

Willie, motionless, sits in his chair, and the smoke which curls from a cigarette in his mouth lends a curious emphasis to the continual play of his twitching features. From outside, through the unwashed window, comes a brilliant beam of sunlight, a beam hot, and quivering with life. And it falls upon the meagre furnishings of the room and makes them stand forth but more sharply in their gaunt nakedness.

WILLIE

Tom! [*There is no answer*] Tom!

BETTY [*raising her head listlessly*]

What do you want?

WILLIE

I—I want Tom to take the cigarette out of my mouth.

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BETTY [*relapsing into her stupor*]
He's asleep.
WILLIE
W—well, I want him! What business has he got to go to sleep now? Tom! Tom!
TOM [*appearing at the bedroom door*]
I heard you the first time. [*He enters. He is fully dressed, and carries a small bundle*] There you are.
[*He snatches the cigarette out of Willie's mouth*]
WILLIE
D—don't have to be so rough about it? [*He pauses*] D—do you hear me? Don't have to be so rough about it!
TOM [*crossing gently to Betty*]
Betty! [*He touches her arm*] Wake up, Betty!
BETTY
What is it?
TOM
The sheriff will be here any minute now.
WILLIE [*catching the word*]
Eh? Sheriff?
TOM [*disregarding him*]
Betty! [*She has sunken into her stupor again*] Listen to me, Betty! I'm not going to wait for him.
BETTY
Eh?
TOM
I'm going away. Do you understand that, Betty.
BETTY
What?
TOM
I'm going away—far away. Outside of New York.
BETTY [*beginning to realize*]
You're not going to leave me, Tom?
TOM [*resolutely*]
Yes.
BETTY [*fully wide awake*]
Tom! You don't mean it! You don't mean that you're going for good and all?

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TOM

Yes, Betty.

BETTY [*aghast*]

Tom! [*With terrible suspicion*] You're going because . . . ! [*A vaguely inclusive gesture to her tawdry finery*]

TOM [*earnestly*]

No—that's not why. I don't blame you. Understand that, Betty. I don't blame you.

BETTY

Then why . . . ?

TOM

Betty, *you*'ve got nothing to do with it! I'm going away because I want a chance for *myself!* I'm young! I've got my life before me! And I'm going to make the most of it! [*Willie, in his chair, laughs harshly*]

BETTY

But why don't you stay here?

TOM

Here?

[*A torrent of words rises to his lips, but he sees how futile any explanation must be*]

BETTY [*desperately*]

If you go away, Tom, what will become of *me?*

TOM

I don't know.

BETTY

Take me with you!

TOM [*shaking his head*]

No. You'll hamper me. [*She recoils as if struck by a whiplash. He takes her hands*] Betty, two months ago we had a chance, you and I! But you, you're done for! And I, by God, I'm not!

BETTY

Tom!

TOM [*vehemently*]

You loved him—and see what's become of you! You're finished! You're down and out! You can't help me: you can only hurt me!

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BETTY

Tom, don't you love me?

TOM

Yes! But we've got no chance together! It's each for himself, Betty! Good-bye! [*She falls on his neck, weeping. Slowly and deliberately he disengages her arms, and with a sudden tenderness, presses a kiss to the painted lips*] Good-bye! [*He turns, and his glance falls upon the motionless cripple, living eyes, living mouth, living brain, mocking him in a dead body. He nods grimly*] Willie!

WILLIE [*terrified as Tom draws near*]

W—what is it?

TOM [*with a short laugh*]

Oh, I'm not going to hurt you! But I want you to deliver a message to Mrs. Todd. [*He pauses*] Tell her, Willie, tell Mrs. Todd, it *didn't* work! [*He goes*]

WILLIE [*rather relieved at the sound of his departing footsteps*]

Survival of the fittest! Eh, Betty? Weakest go to the wall! [*He laughs*] S—survival of the fittest! [*Huddled on the couch, Betty weeps loudly*] Betty! Eh, Betty!

BETTY

What?

WILLIE

Sheriff coming?

BETTY

Yes.

WILLIE

Being evicted, eh?

BETTY

Yes . . . [*She wipes her eyes and blows her nose*] I stopped in at the Society.

WILLIE

Yes?

BETTY

They're going to send for you.

WILLIE

Of course. [*He grins*] Couldn't pitch *me* into the street, could they? *G—got* to take care of me, eh? [*She does not*

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answer] Betty, they call that survival of the fittest! *I'm* fit! [*Through the open door enter the Charity Worker and the Sheriff, a tall, burly individual*]

THE SHERIFF [*leading the way*]

This is the place, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

I'm sure it's not. [*She catches sight of Willie*] Yes, it is. [*Going up to Willie, much moved*] Ah, my poor fellow!

WILLIE

H—hello, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*brushing dust from Willie's coat*]

What a state you're in! They haven't taken good care of you, have they?

WILLIE

N—not very, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

It's an outrage! Nothing more nor less! [*Betty has risen, and faces her*] You heard what I said? It's an outrage! A poor helpless cripple—the way you've taken care of him! [*Betty, rather confused, does not move. The Charity Worker notices her attire, and suddenly takes in its significance*] Good Heavens! So you're *that* kind! *You!* Why didn't you tell me that, Willie? If I'd known, I would never have let you come here! Never!—To think where I sent you!

[*Betty laughs loudly and hysterically*]

THE CHARITY WORKER [*indignant*] You're *laughing* at me? [*Appealingly*] Sheriff!

THE SHERIFF

Don't mind her, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

But she's laughing!

THE SHERIFF [*consolingly*]

They've got no feelings, those people! Bite the hand that feeds them! They're just animals!

BETTY [*taking up the word*]

Animals? An animal? Yes! That's what you've *made* me! But I wasn't an animal till *he* came here!

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THE CHARITY WORKER

What do you mean?

BETTY

It was hard enough to get along—only the two of us, Tom and me. And then *he* came along, *he,* just a mouth to be fed, and hands that couldn't work, and we didn't have the money, and we couldn't get the money. So—well, that's why I'm *that* kind! Because I couldn't keep him alive any other way!

THE CHARITY WORKER [*taken aback*]

Sheriff, is this true?

THE SHERIFF [*shaking his head with an easy superiority*]

Not a word of it.

BETTY

What?

THE SHERIFF [*with a contemptuous wave of the hand*]

She? She's no good anyhow!

BETTY [*indignantly*]

That's not so!

THE SHERIFF

Not so? You think I haven't seen you hanging around the dance halls and the saloons. . . .

BETTY [*interrupting furiously*]

You didn't see me there until *he* came!

THE SHERIFF [*mildly amused*]

What?

BETTY

I was a good girl just as long as I could be! But when we had to take care of him, the money wasn't enough, and there was nothing else I *could* do!

THE SHERIFF [*with finality*]

That's what they all say! There's nothing else any of 'em could do! [*He seizes her roughly by the shoulders*] Listen to me, my girl! You're rotten! You're naturally rotten! I'd tell you to give it up, but I know your kind! You won't! It isn't in you! You're no good—you're headed wrong—and you know where you're going to finish! [*He flings her aside, and turns to the Charity Worker, with a gesture to Willie*] Can he walk?

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THE CHARITY WORKER

Oh, no!

THE SHERIFF

I'll have the men carry him downstairs.

[*Betty, near the door, would like to speak, but she is a little deficient in education. And after all, she has said what she has to say. What remains to be said is beyond her—and above her. And then the Sheriff and the Charity Worker are so manifestly hostile. The Sheriff turns and sees her*]

THE SHERIFF [*advancing on Betty*]

Can't waste any more time on you! Out you go!

WILLIE [*contributing his first word to a scene of which he has been an interested spectator*]

S—survival of the fittest, eh, Sheriff?

BETTY [*retreating before the menacing embodiment of the law, pauses at the threshold. So many feelings vaguely surge within her. But she is not an adept at choosing words. This room has seen her tragedy. This she faintly comprehends, but cannot find the language to voice illimitable protest. And with that instinctive desire to make a dramatic exit which lies deep in every one of us, she gathers herself up in her pitiable finery*]

Sheriff!

THE SHERIFF [*bumping her brutally through the door*]

Git!

[*He follows her*]

THE CHARITY WORKER [*turns to Willie, and at his sight—not at the thought of what has just taken place, wipes a tear from her eye*]

It's been pretty bad, hasn't it, Willie?

WILLIE [*in whose self-centred brain may lurk a better understanding of the situation*]

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

What you must have gone through! [*She shakes her head in pity. Then, with a rather cheerful smile:*] Well, Willie, have you any *other* relatives?

[*The curtain falls*]

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REQUIEM

CHARLES VALE

HERE, while I may, I give you these few lines.
They shall record for us for many a year
The loss of something that we both held dear.
But as the twig was bent, the tree inclines.
There have been curious visions and strange signs:
The end is close; and who shall fret therefor?
There is no pleasure in bare gardens, nor
In vineyards where no grapes are on the vines.

What folly to endure, when none may gain!
Life cannot waste her lustres fruitlessly.
Beyond the rose-path lies the open grave.

It seems so barren—this remorseless pain!
How futile any more to act the slave
To faith that has not been, and shall not be!

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CORRESPONDENCE

Justice to Norman Angellism

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Pope's venomed shaft,

> "Damn with faint praise,
> Assent with civil leer;
> And without sneering,
> Teach the rest to sneer"

is somehow subtly connoted in Mr. Roland Hugins's *Norman Angellism Under Fire* in the August FORUM. Norman Angellism he defines as "The pacifist argument against war on *material* grounds," but he later gives Mr. Angell's definition of his thesis, namely: "Military power is *socially* and economically futile." "It is strange indeed," says Mr. Roland Hugins, "that a doctrine at once so concise and so pregnant has not, if valid, carried conviction everywhere. Yet economists and statesmen have read his (Mr. Angell's) book unmoved. This insistent voice issuing from the cloistered quiet of the Temple carries little authority in parliaments. . . . Mr. Angell is more than half right, but he prejudices his case by overstating it." Finally Mr. Hugins admits, somewhat paradoxically it would seem, that Mr. Angell inveighs against the political and moral futilities of war "as earnestly as against its economic futility." (!)

Plainly there is some confusion of issue here at the outset. Norman Angellism cannot be "the pacifist argument against war on *material* grounds" and yet inveigh with equal intensity against its moral futilities. If Mr. Hugins proposes to amplify his definition of Norman Angellism at will he should say so in the beginning, and not leave the aching brain of the confused reader to work up a definition on a basis of Mr. Hugins's future amplifications.

Yet it is on just such a basis that Mr. Hugins claims that "Mr. Angell has closed his eyes" to the promising investments of the subject colonies of imperialistic Governments. With all due respect to Mr. Hugins, Mr. Angell has done nothing of the sort. "Germany, owning Mesopotamia," says Mr. Hugins, "could develop railways, cities, irrigation systems. What capital but German would be used? What engineers, business managers, bankers but Germans would participate?" Waiving the question of Germany's physical and financial ability to develop Mesopotamia after military aggression sufficient to obtain it; and further waiving the question of the ultimate ownership of the bonds issued to finance the Mesopotamian operations, and the markets for the goods produced—questions with which Mr. Angell has dealt exhaustively—what is there to prevent German capital and enterprise from developing Mesopotamia or XYZ as it has developed

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so much of South America? The answer is: nothing but the inhibiting influences of traditional imperialistic ambitions! Mr. Angell has not "closed his eyes" as Mr. Hugins would have his readers believe. Mr. Angell has simply pointed out that *if* royal plutocrats could be induced to abandon the obsolete imperialistic ideas of their ancestors, the world would be greatly benefitted morally, politically and economically. Mr. Angell does not dream of claiming that "power and wealth" (e. g. Belgium), such as it is, cannot be acquired by military conquest. He does claim that military conquest is a barbarous, stupid and wasteful means of securing a wealth and power which is, because of psychological, sociological and economical reasons, largely if not wholly illusory.

Space does not permit an adequate treatment of the injustice Mr. Hugins has wittingly or unwittingly done Mr. Angell's utterances—notably Mr. Hugins's attempted *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Angell's "Indemnity Futility"; his reiterated assertions concerning Mr. Angell's "obvious exaggerations"; "faulty economics"; carelessness in emphasizing the logical instead of the historical aspect of his thesis; and "neglect of the debit side of the balance sheet, although here lies one-half, and possibly the weightier half, of the economic case against war";—but Mr. Hugins's notion that Norman Angell "has closed his eyes to these exceptions (especially of military conquests) to his dogma" is rather more flagrant of the pedantic polemic than of justice to Mr. Norman Angell.

JOHN JAY CISCO, JR.

NANTUCKET ISLAND

Statistics of Crime

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your view that "Society deliberately manufactures most of its criminals," expressed in THE FORUM for August, I am sending you an extract from a letter that I wrote recently to a prominent official. It contains some statistics that may interest you.

HENRY A. FORSTER

NEW YORK

[ENCLOSURE]

Has any other nation constitutional provisions, which its courts of last resort characterize as "a shelter to the guilty," which "has no place in the jurisprudence of civilized and free countries outside the domain of the common law, and is nowhere observed among our own people in the search for truth outside the administration of the law" (Twining v. New Jersey,

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211 U. S. 91, 113), or as "the privilege of crime" (State v. Wentworth, 65 Maine, 241)?

Ex-President William Howard Taft in his address before the Civic Forum of New York City on April 28, 1908, said (p. 15):

"And now, what has been the result of the lax administration of criminal law in this country? Criminal statistics are exceedingly difficult to obtain. The number of homicides one can note from the daily newspapers, the number of lynchings and the number of executions; but the number of indictments, trials, convictions, acquittals or mistrials it is hard to find. Since 1885, in the United States there have been 131,951 murders and homicides, and there have been 2,286 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1,808. In 1904 it had increased to 8,482. The number of executions in 1885 was 108. In 1904 it was 116. This startling increase in the number of murders and homicides as compared with the number of executions tells the story. As murder is on the increase, so are all offences of the felony class, and there can be no doubt that they will continue to increase unless the criminal laws are enforced with more certainty, more uniformity, more severity than they now are."

Josiah Strong (*Social Progress,* 1906, p. 171; "Number of murders and homicides in the U. S. since 1885. From statistics compiled by *The Chicago Tribune*") gives the statistics referred to by Ex-President Taft.

The Chicago Tribune for December 31, 1914 (p. 22), gives the number of homicides in the United States in 1914 as 8,251, and the number of executions in 1914 as 74; of which 72 were for murder and 2 for another felony.

Moorfield Storey (Reform of Legal Procedure, 196), quoting Andrew D. White, says:

"The murder rate in the United States is from ten to twenty times greater than the murder rate of the British Empire and other north-western European countries."

According to *The World Almanac* (for 1913, p. 309; 1912, pages 338, 1911, p. 336; title *Statistics of Homicide*) 95 per cent. of murderers in Germany were convicted, as against 1.3 per cent. of murderers in the United States convicted. In short, 95 per cent. of German murderers are convicted as against 98 per cent. of American murderers manumitted, according to *The World Almanac.*

Frederick L. Hoffman, Life Insurance Statistician of Newark, New Jersey, says ("Homicide Record of American Cities," Spectator, October 22, 1914, p. 216):

"The position of the United States in the matter of violent deaths is decidedly deplorable. Every international comparison proves that the homicide rate of the United States is probably the highest for any civilized country in the world."

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Clear Issue

SLOWLY but inexorably, Germany is being brought to the point where she must openly accept and loyally adhere to the standards of civilization in marine warfare, or take the consequences of a definite breach with the United States. Ignorant and embittered people here and elsewhere have criticized the Administration with much energy and scant justification. It is not the business of the Administration to plunge the country into war, if the results that might be gained after the sacrifice of many thousands of lives and many millions of treasure, can be gained by a few months of fair and firm diplomacy, steadily directed to the ends of justice. The special racial conditions here have made it essential that every chance should be given to distinguish between mistakes and crimes. It has been necessary to carry forbearance far indeed. The final decision will come with increased effectiveness and will meet with the support of a united people.

At the time of writing, the issues are grave, and much may happen within a short time. Germany, as incompetent in diplomacy as she has been competent in arms, has entirely failed to satisfy public opinion with regard to any of the major points involved. But she must realize that the United States has passed the point where polite protests will be offered. Explanations will be received—but they must be sincere and definitive. Apologies will be accepted—but there must be no recurrence of provocation. Germany is no longer in the position of a country discussing debatable subjects. She is on the defensive. Failure to give and fulfil adequate guarantees can have only one result.

Georgia and Frank

It is possible that Leo M. Frank, the Jew, outraged and murdered Mary Phagan, the factory girl. If so, he deserved, no doubt, even the atrocious penalties that were inflicted upon

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him. But, unless evidence that has not been made public was available for the guidance of his unrelenting enemies and final lynchers, there was at least room for the gravest doubt. No man in such a position should have been virulently pursued and persecuted—as Frank was persecuted until, with the ghastly wound in his throat reopened, he swung from the great oak tree below the gin house on the William Frey place.

After making every allowance for the indignation aroused by such a crime, it remains necessary to stigmatize Georgia in the strongest terms. The prison authorities appear to have been childishly incompetent, and the whole administration of the criminal law has been brought once more into contempt.

The members of the lynching party are known to hundreds. How long will it be before they are brought to trial?

William Howard Taft

The attitude of the ex-President during recent months has been in keeping with his character and has endeared him still further to the public. He has brought no acrimony to the embarrassment of the Administration during trying times. He has not lent the weight of his influence and personality to inflammatory campaigns. He has not used his position as an ex-President to make the task of the President harder when he was dealing thoughtfully with national and international perplexities. He has remembered that the first duty of a statesman is to serve his country, and not merely his party or himself.

Dr. Dumba

The recall of Dr. Dumba may help to clarify the situation which has developed since the war began. Intimidation and intrigue on a large scale have been employed by the representatives and adherents of foreign Governments. It was time that some step should be taken to check the scandal.

No moral obliquity is attributed to Dr. Dumba, but in his desire to assist his country he was guilty of extraordinary diplomatic ineptitude. It may be hoped that other diplomatists

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whose activities have been equally annoying will shortly leave the country.

Herbert Spencer and Moderation

Much interest has been aroused by the republication in THE FORUM of a series of Herbert Spencer's essays, with comments by such men as Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge and William Howard Taft. Mr. Truxtun Beale, in his introductory essay on *The Man v. the State in America,* published in the August number, made a strong plea for rational moderation in governmental activity. There is indeed little profit in excessive legislation and the multiplication of officials; and though Spencer reads a trifle strangely in parts to the modernist, he is still assuredly worth reading, with a view to the direct application of those principles which have stood the test of time.

Gold and Credit

The avalanche of gold that has been pouring into the United States is embarrassing. It is possible to have too much of a good thing. The efforts of Lord Reading, Sir Edward Hopkinson Holden, and their colleagues to devise a satisfactory arrangement with Mr. J. P. Morgan and the leading American bankers will be watched with the deepest interest.

Though the basic principles of finance cannot be attacked with profit, it is sometimes possible to do a little juggling that disregards precedents but wins success. The present time is singularly appropriate for some effort of imaginative wizardry, to remedy the exceptional conditions.

It is a curious and not wholly irrelevant detail that in this country, accustomed so largely to a paper currency, the average retailer does not care for gold and exchanges it as soon as possible for bills.

Preparedness

The complacency of the militarist is amusing. He offers to the world no new ideas: merely the perpetuation of old savagery.

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He knows that the military idea and the military machine have always resulted in wholesale murder; but he is completely obsessed by the military idea and the glamour of the military machine, and, proclaiming loudly that there will always be war, demands that there shall always be ready, in a highly efficient state, the means for making war. In other words, he will be a correct prophet, if you will permit him; for he will take good care that the machine which he has been allowed to build up shall not be wasted. This is called preparation against war.

The only effective preparation against war is in the education of the people of all countries, so that they will refuse to submit any longer to the incredible afflictions and utter injustice of the appeal to arms. The appeal can and shall ultimately be to reason, in spite of all the Jeremiahs and Jingoists. It is the duty of every sane man and woman to aid in that work of education.

Until the results of such efforts can be realized, until the brutal and the reactionary have been eliminated, means of defence may be necessary. Those means can be made effective without being extravagant. In view of the trend of international affairs, they should have been dealt with in this country gradually during the last few years, so that an adequate police force would now be available. But the attacks upon the Administration are futile and disingenuous. The Democratic party did not receive from its Republican predecessors in office a perfect army and a perfect navy, which it has wantonly dissipated. It may be pointed out that Colonel Roosevelt had seven years in which to provide the forces that he now demands. Mr. Wilson, without parade or panic, is preparing measures which will be submitted to Congress with all the prestige due to the sponsorship of a man of moderation and sound judgment. The lessons of the war will be applied and many mistakes avoided. In the meantime, there is no cause for alarm, whatever the immediate outcome of the present situation. The country has other sources of influence and authority apart from its navy, which is scarcely negligible, and its small army, which is at least a guarantee of good faith and of the absence of outmoded imperialistic ambitions.

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